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NEVER MORE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I often pass it by,
And the sunbeams golden lie,
Where the crimson roses clamber by the door;
And the breezes sink and swell
As a dreamy, sad farewell,
For a childish form that moveth there no more.

The softened shadows creep
Where the blushing flowers weep,
And the rustling pine trees murmur as they wait,
Of an airy, careless step
That they cannot quite forget,
And a dimpled face beside the garden gate.

In the purple violet's eye,
Two tear drops ever lie,
And the lily whispers to her sister flowers,
Of a child with golden hair
Who will never more be there,
To charm away the summer's sunny hours.

Of a rosy, dimpled face,
And a form of mystic grace,
That flitted on the walk and by the door,
With the red upon her lips,
Brighter than the roses tips,
Who will sing among the flowers never more.

I turn with eager eye
As I pass the homestead by,
With a longing for the music of her step,
But the flowers are waiting still,
As they ever, ever will,
For a fairy form they cannot quite forget.

MARY T.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

By this time the sun had fairly set, and the shadows of night were rapidly settling over the surrounding scene. I called the sergeant aside, and, after a brief consultation, decided to ride forward, as soon as it should be fairly dark, and quietly surround the dwelling of Don Ramon, when I was to enter alone and present my letters. What might follow we could not know; but the men were to keep their positions and remain passive till either my return or signal for attack; which latter was to be a shrill note on a boatswain's whistle, which had been presented to me by a sailor on our last voyage.

A few minutes later we filed out of the wood, and occupied the best part of half-an-hour in reaching the hacienda and surrounding the domicilio of Don Ramon. The night was a clear star-light, without moon; and the sergeant and myself succeeded in placing the men, and giving them secret instructions, without as we believed being discovered. This done, I quietly dismounted, and leaving my horse in charge of a stalwart American, with orders to bring him to the gate, if he heard an alarm, and hold him ready for mounting, I proceeded to the entrance and rapped for admittance.

"*Quien es?*" said the voice of the portero: "Who is it?"

"*Amigo!*" I replied: "A friend."

The gate opened; and the porter, holding up a small lantern, took a quiet survey of my person; and then said, with a polite bow:

"Enter, Senor Caballero."

As I passed in, he closed the heavy gate; and calling to a servant, who was idling in the *patio*, or inner court, he bade him usher me into the presence of the master of the house.

I must confess, it was with some little trepidation, arising from a kind of instinctive sense of being an unwelcome visitor, that I followed my guide up a broad flight of stairs, and into the large *sala*, or reception hall; where, instead of seeing a large party assembled for a *baile*, according to the information of Don Pedro, I found myself in the presence of only five persons, three military officers and two ladies, who were seated on *colchons*, or mattress-seats, and were chatting away in a lively and familiar manner, while each inhaled and exhaled the pleasant fumes of the cigarrito.

This *sala* was some forty feet by twenty, and the group I have mentioned sat near the centre, around a small table, on which stood a large silver lamp, whose rays were not sufficient to lift the shadows from the remotest corners. The hall had a tesselated floor of stone—the walls were hung with tapestry, ornamented with small mirrors and a few paintings, principally of saints, the most conspicuous of which was the Virgin of Guadalupe, in a heavy frame, and occupying the post of honor—while the heavy furniture consisted of a few cumbrous chairs, a couple of settees, and perhaps a dozen *colchons* besides those in use. And this was the grand reception-hall of a wealthy Mexican gentleman.

As the servant ushered me into the *sala*, the ladies at once arose and came forward to meet me; and the eldest, taking me by the hand, said, in a tone of much cordiality:

"Welcome, Senor Caballero! this poor dwelling and all it contains is yours. Let me lead you to a seat, and convince you you are in your own house."

This reception took me by surprise; and had I not been in some measure prepared for it, by the remarks of my guide and my slight knowledge of the customs of the country, I should certainly have fancied that my hostess was either insane or making sport of me. As it was, remembering the purpose for which I had come there, I felt not a little abashed and confused, more especially as I perceived the dark, lustrous eyes of the younger lady beaming upon me with an expression of gentle interest. Was this la Senorita Carlota, mentioned by Don Pedro? A hurried glance showed me that she was both young and beautiful. Her form was symmetrical and graceful; her height a little above medium; her features fine, regular, and of the Spanish cast; her complexion dark and clear; and her eyes full of that soft, slumbering fire, if I may so express myself, which gives the Spanish beauties such powerful hold upon all who are susceptible to magnetic fascinations. Both ladies were richly dressed in bright colored silks, *a la Mejicana*, with short waists and short skirts, silk stockings and satin slippers, with the long, rich rebozo folded gracefully around their shoulders and breasts, and their persons fairly glittered with jewels.

"I have some business with Don Ramon," said I, in my blandest tone, and with my politest bow; "and therefore I beg you will not let me intrude upon your social privacy!"

"You shall join us, Senor Caballero," said the younger, "and make us happy;" and her soft, dark eyes, as she fixed them upon me, were even more persuasive than the words she uttered in a musical tone. "My father is at this moment engaged, but will soon be at liberty, and will be most happy to serve you. Come," she added, taking my hand, "let me lead you forward, and present you to your brother officers."

"Pardon me, fair lady!" said I; "but we might not agree even in your presence—for they serve the Spanish King, and your humble servant the Mexican Congress."

"This is neutral ground," she replied, without any apparent surprise, "and you can meet here as friends, whatever you may do elsewhere."

"You will smoke a cigarrito with us?" said the elder lady. "Carlota, the Senor Caballero will accept one at your hands."

"I could not refuse so fair a donor," returned I, with a polite bow.

Carlota smiled, and led me forward to a seat—first presenting me as a friend to her military guests, who rose and bowed with constrained politeness, and then exchanged glances with each other—which, as I construed them, expressed anything rather than admiration of my person, or delight at making my acquaintance in such a manner. As my pride had by this time restored my self-possession, I bowed with dignity, and sat down with ease, the fair Senorita seating herself by my side, and proceeding to roll up a cigarrito, which she lighted and handed me, with the remark that I must consider myself at home and in my own dwelling.

"The customs of your country are very different from mine," said I, addressing the ladies. "You make a stranger at home before you know his name or business—we never do more for an old and valued friend."

"Americano?" inquired Carlota.

"Yes, I am an American by birth, a native of the United States, and at present an officer in the Patriot Army of Mexico, under General Don Xavier Mina, whose name you have doubtless heard. Mine is unknown to you; but it seems proper I should introduce myself as Lieutenant Edmund Laurens."

The three military gentlemen at this exchanged significant glances; and the eldest, a small, swarthy man, about thirty-five years of age, whose splendid uniform proclaimed him an officer of high rank, said, with what appeared to be forced courtesy:

"May I inquire what the Senor Teniente Don Edmondo expects to accomplish by this invasion in the face of the Royal Army?"

"That is a question, Senor, which is not in the province of so inferior an officer as your very humble servant to answer," returned I, with a dignified bow.

"Is Don Edmondo a judge of paintings?" inquired Carlota, quickly, giving me a significant glance, which I construed into a wish that I should answer in the affirmative, in order to turn the conversation and avoid unpleasant consequences.

"I am no connoisseur," I replied; "but still I think I can point out what I like."

"Let me show you a painting of Our Lady of Guadalupe!" she said, rising and taking up the light. "Excuse me, Senores!" she said to the officers; "I shall not leave you in total darkness; and even were I to do so, what should hinder you from seeing by the light of your own bright eyes?"

"By yours, Senorita, we might see, but not by ours," returned one, with a laugh.

"This way, Don Edmondo!" she said to me, as she advanced to the head of the hall, where, in a large, heavy frame, of different colored woods, hung the painting of the Saint Patroness of Mexico. First making a low reverence, and crossing herself devoutly, she held up the light, and said: "Tell me what you think of this, as a work of art?"

It was the portrait of a beautiful Spanish girl, whose head was surrounded by a halo, and whose figure had a soft, cloud-like outline, which conveyed the idea of an aerial or spiritual being. The coloring was well done; the position and contour were natural, easy, and graceful; and the whole, so far as I could perceive, had the finish of a master. On one side, but in the background, was the figure of an Indian peasant, in the act of climbing a steep, barren, rocky hill, upon whose summit grew a cluster of roses, of the brightest colors, and toward which descended a stream of light from an invisible sun.

"It is beautiful," said I, "and, as a work of art, I could far more more readily yield it homage than as a representative of faith."

"Because you are wanting in the true faith," she returned, with a smile.

"In what *you* consider the true faith, Senorita," I rejoined.

"Do you know the history of the appearance of Our Blessed Lady?" she inquired.

"I do not."

"You observe that Indian peasant, ascending that rocky hill, to gather those flowers, where never yet grew flower except miraculously?"

"I perceive the design, but do not understand it."

"It is now almost three hundred years," she pursued, "since a poor Indian, on passing the rocky mountain of Tapeyac, near the city of Mexico, heard a sweet strain of music, and on looking up, beheld the Holy Virgin descending from Heaven. She called him by name, and said:

"'Juan Diego, go thou to the Bishop of Mexico, and say to him, he must come up to this mountain and give worship to Mary the Virgin.'

"Juan forthwith repaired to the palace of the Bishop, and told his story; but the latter, not believing his statement, refused to see him. A day or two after, as he was passing the same spot again, the same vision again appeared to him, and the voice said:

"'Juan Diego, go thou again to the Bishop of Mexico, and say to him, that Mary the Mother of God commands him to come up to this mountain and worship her.'

"Juan again did as directed; but the Bishop again refused to see him, saying he must have proof of such annunciation before he could believe it.

"Two days after, at the same place, the same Heavenly vision for the third time appeared to the favored Juan, and the voice said:

"'Juan Diego, for the faithful performance of the commands of the Virgin Mary, thou shalt be forever blessed, and thy name be immortal among men. Climb thou to the top of this barren mountain, gather the flowers thou there shalt find, take them to the Bishop of Mexico, and say to him, that Mary the Mother of God hath sent thee for the third and last time, and woe be to him if he doth not believe!'

"Juan Diego climbed the mountain, found the flowers, and in his apron conveyed them, as he supposed, to the unbelieving Bishop; but on opening his apron, lo and behold the flowers were gone! and in their stead, upon the coarse texture of the garment, was a beautiful likeness of the Virgin herself. The Bishop, amazed at the miracle, no longer doubted, but forthwith went up to the mountain and did her homage, and had her canonized as the Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, and built and dedicated a church to her, which church still stands upon the rocky summit of Tapeyac, containing within it the sacred garment of Don Diego, having upon it the likeness of the Holy Mother of God."

"Such is the tradition, Senorita," said I; "but do you believe it?"

She turned upon me a quick, startled look, and hastily crossing herself, exclaimed:

"*Sanngre de Dios!* I were a heretic and an infidel to doubt."

At this moment a door opened near where we stood, and the servant entered with a light, followed by three officers in full uniform—by a tall, middle-aged gentleman, with slightly gray hair, in a citizen's dress—and by a sleek, good-natured looking priest, in the long, loose gown of his order.

CHAPTER XII.

A DIPLOMATIC INTERVIEW.

On seeing me, the foremost officer, a large, portly man of fifty, with coarse, sensual features, gave a slight start of surprise, made an abrupt halt, and, turning quickly around to the host, exclaimed, in a tone more loud than musical, more pompous than polite:

"Don Ramon, who is this?"

"Father," said Carlota, starting quickly forward, "let me present to you Don Edmondo, an American, and an officer in the Patriot Army."

"Say rather a chief among the rebel ruffians which compose the troops of the heretical robber Mina!" cried the first speaker, with angry vehemence. "What do you here, knave?" he demanded, turning fiercely upon me, and bringing his right hand to the hilt of his sword.

"Hold!" exclaimed Carlota, with haughty dignity, and a flashing eye, as with the lofty air of a queen she stepped quickly in front of me, and boldly confronted the insolent speaker. "General La Garza forgets himself!" she proudly added. "Father, this dwelling is yours, and Don Edmondo is our guest."

"Pardon me, your Excellency!" said the middle-aged gentleman, as he stepped hastily forward; "I fear your Excellency, in your haste, has overlooked the fact, that this young officer—belong to which party he may—is at present a guest beneath my roof!"

"And am I to understand from this, that the Senor Don Ramon de La Mora is disposed to harbor and protect a heretic, rebel, and traitor?"

"By no means, your Excellency; but the man is now beneath my roof; and respect to my family and self will not permit me to countenance either violence or ungentlemanly treatment."

I had placed my hand upon the hilt of my sword at the same moment with General La Garza, and still stood in the attitude of one about to draw his weapon in self-defence; while the other parties, including La Senora, having hastened forward, now stood in a line at my left, all more or less excited. I now spoke for the first time, and said:

"I call all to bear witness, that since entering this dwelling I have behaved myself as a gentleman, and have given no occasion for any disturbance; and if I am to be molested, because I happen to stand here, single-handed, against a superior force, I wish to know it, that I may take measures accordingly."

"You are not to be molested, Senor," said Carlota, proudly; "and shame to the man, no matter what his station, who even harbors the thought of abusing the hospitality of a La Mora. You entered this dwelling in peace, and in peace you shall depart."

"I thank you, Senorita!" returned I, feeling my bosom swell with admiration at the firm and lofty bearing of the heroic girl.

La Garza turned away, with a muttered malediction upon all heretical robbers; and calling his staff aside, they entered into a low conversation, the purport of which I could only guess. I now advanced to Don Ramon, who seemed irresolute and confused, and in a polite tone said:

"Could you favor me, Senor, with a private interview of a few minutes?"

"Have you any business with me that cannot be discussed where we are?" he nervously inquired, in a low tone, glancing uneasily toward the group of officers. "You see, Senor, I cannot act as I would if alone, for already I am suspected of a leaning toward the cause of the Rebels—I should say the Patriots."

This was spoken almost in a whisper; and as I looked directly in his face, I observed that he was very pale and not a little agitated.

The expression of his features, on close inspection, I did not altogether like. There seemed to be a want of firmness and candor, and something too much of duplicity. His eye wandered and looked down, and did not meet mine boldly; and his sharp, thin, slightly Roman nose, and falling-off chin, with the downward lines from a suspicious mouth, seemed to express too much of a desire to serve two masters, or cheat both, as policy might dictate or interest require.

We were now alone—for the ladies had retired with the priest, and the servant had removed himself to a respectful distance.

"I will state my business here, Senor, if you desire it," I replied. "I have two letters for you from General Mina, one of which it may be to your interest to destroy, and you can best judge whether you would like to open them in the presence of guests so suspicious of your integrity."

"I would not, sir!" he quickly rejoined. "Stand here a moment—I think I can arrange matters satisfactorily."

He left me as he spoke, advanced to the military group, said a few words, and then, procuring a light, returned and bade me follow him. He led the way into a small, pleasant room, whose pretensions to the dignified title of library consisted of a cumbrous book-case, containing a few old books, a kind of writing desk in one corner, and a table in the centre, covered with old newspapers, letters, and writing materials, and around which were two or three comfortable seats. He quietly locked the door, pointed me to a seat, placed the light on the table, and sat down opposite me, his position being exactly such as I desired, as it would enable me to scrutinize his features closely. It now occurred to me to make some inquiries concerning the statements of the guide, Don Pedro, in order if possible to ascertain what facts he had reported, and for what purpose; and accordingly, instead of presenting the letters at once, I said:

"Will you pardon me, Don Ramon, if, before proceeding to the main business, I ask the simple question, if it was ever your intention to have had a ball at your hacienda on this present evening?"

"Such was my intention a few days ago," he replied, with a look of curious surprise and a slight change of color.

"Pray do not think me unnecessarily inquisitive," I pursued, "if I also inquire if you intended to have General La Garza and his officers present?"

"Yes, Senor, and I even went so far as to send them invitations. But," he added, lowering his voice, looking cautiously around, and speaking confidentially, "it was not because I had any great liking for Don Felipe—for, between you and me, I think him a coarse, brutal fellow, and totally wanting in all the graces of the gentleman—but because he is the commander of a large force, and it behooves me to keep the favor of one who has it in his power to rob me of life and property at any moment."

"But he certainly could not carry matters to such an extremity and go unpunished?" said I, in surprise.

"Even so, Senor! Ah! *Valgame Dios!* you do not know the tyranny of the military rulers of this poor country. God send that you and your comrades bring better days!"

"But do you mean to say that General La Garza, or any other general, could literally seize your property, and put to death a gentleman of your wealth and standing, and get clear of punishment?"

"He would never even have a trial, sir. He would of course take care to report me a dangerous Rebel; and if he ever heard of the matter from head-quarters, it would be in laudation of his loyal zeal."

"Such then being the horrible state of affairs here, I suppose we can count on you as a true friend of the Patriot cause?"

"Secretly, my friend—secretly!" he said, glancing uneasily about him; "situated as I am, I dare not act openly. Ah! Santa Maria de Guadalupe! I pray for better days!"

"But in respect to the ball!" pursued I; "something occurred to change your design?"

"Yes, Senor!" he replied, looking down and changing color.

"Well, did you send any message to General Mina in regard to it?"

"No! but I should have sent him an invitation, if I had not invited his foe: you see it would not do for the two generals to meet here."

"No, I did not mean that, Senor."

"What then?"

"Did you send him any message by one Don Pedro Ormeutz?"

"I know no such person."

"Well, it may not be improper to state, though not from what source, that General Mina received information that there would be a ball at your hacienda this night, and that General La Garza and staff were expected to be present."

"I suppose the report went abroad at the time I speak of, and General Mina got his information from some one who had heard nothing to the contrary."

"I have been thus inquisitive, Senor," said I, "not from any design of prying into your secret affairs, but because I suspected the party informing, of falsehood and treachery, and felt anxious to know if he had any grounds for his assertions. I am glad to find my suspicions were unjust. And now, Senor, not to detain you, pray cast your eye over these letters, and give me an answer for General Mina."

I handed him the missives, and watched him closely as he opened and read them. He changed color more than once, and seemed not a little troubled at the contents; but at length replied, in a low, nervous tone:

"I am disposed to assist General Mina; but if it were known to General La Garza, it would cost me confiscation, and perhaps death."

"Have no fear, Senor, that anything you may confide to me will reach other ears than my commander's."

"In this letter, which I will forthwith destroy," he continued, holding it in the light till it was one complete blaze, and then throwing it upon the floor; "in this letter your General says, that whatever I am disposed to contribute, shall, for appearance sake, be taken from me by force; while in this, (holding up the other,) he makes a formal demand for a certain amount, in the name of the Mexican Congress."

"I am aware of this, Senor," I said, as he paused: "General Mina was kind enough to give me his full confidence in the matter."

"Well, I will not write a reply," he rejoined; "but tell him he has my free consent to seize all he has demanded. About what time may I expect his troops here?"

"Doubtless within twenty-four hours after I deliver to him your message."

"Well, my friend, you will remain with me to-night?"

"I thank you, Senor; but as I am not fatigued, and the distance is not great, I think it will be best for me to ride back."

"Where is your horse?"

"Just outside the gate."

"What an oversight that you did not bring him in and have him fed! Let me order my *mozo* to have him attended to at once—for he needs rest and food—and you will be all the better for both, I assure you."

"A soldier, sir, must consult his duty rather than his feelings."

"But it might not be safe for you to ride to-night."

"More safe, perhaps, than in daylight. But what have I to fear?"

"The Royal forces are all around you."

"They would be more likely to see me in daylight then, Senor."

"But La Garza will know of your departure, and he does not view you favorably."

"But would he pursue me in the dark?"

"I would not like to vouch to the contrary; besides, you might get lost."

"I have no fear of that."

"You are a stranger in the country?"

"Yes, Senor."

"How did you find your way hither so readily?"

"I had a guide."

"Ha! a guide? where is he?"

"He waits without."

"So then you are not alone?" he returned, with a look of surprise.

"I believe it is not usual," said I, "for a prudent General to dispatch a single messenger on a mission such as mine."

"Have you then more comrades with you?"

To what were these questions tending? Was he trying to discover if I was really in the power of his military guests? And would he be pleased, or otherwise, to learn the contrary? I looked him keenly in the eye, and replied:

"Don Ramon, your dwelling is surrounded by a body of troops under my command."

"Holy Virgin!" he exclaimed, half starting from his seat, and sinking back, pale and agitated.

"What troubles you, sir?" said I, somewhat sternly. "I am no robber, and did not come here to plunder you."

"I know—I know—I beg your pardon! Ha! ha! I fear I am acting very foolishly. Speaking of robbers, Senor Capitan, do you know—ha! ha! it is very droll—do you know that, just for an instant, the suspicion flashed upon me that—that— Well, it was foolish—I crave your pardon!"

"But you did not finish your sentence—did not tell me what you suspected."

"Only that you were a robber, Senor Capitan. Ha! ha! ha! I shall kill myself with laughter. It was only for an instant, you see; and the association of just such an interview as this, with one of the most noted chiefs of the *ladrones*, carried me from the present to the past. Yes, it was in this very room, too, Senor Capitan, the affair occurred, which I will relate in a few words.

"Let me see!" he continued, resettling himself and endeavoring to appear at his ease, though his face still remained pale, his hands trembled, and at times his lips quivered: "It is now eight years—Carlota was then eleven—since a gentleman like yourself—(your pardon, Senor, for the comparison! I mean in dress a gentleman)—called to see me, and requested a private interview. I took him in here, and we smoked a cigar together, and talked about cattle, for he came to purchase cattle he said. Ah! your pardon again, Senor! I have some very fine cigars here—real Cuban importation—pray do me the honor to smoke one now, and carry away as many as you like—they are all yours."

He rose, took down a box from a book-shelf, and placed it on the table; and having each of us lighted one, he proceeded:

"Yes, he came to purchase cattle, he said—for he had heard of my stock as being one of the finest in the country—and he would like to take at fair prices all I could spare. Well, I had just sold all I intended to dispose of for the season, and I told him so. Ah! San Miguel! he knew it well enough, the villain! He inquired what I had got for them, and I told him that also. Then he very abruptly demanded what I valued my daughter at. I was astounded, and told him so. Saints defend us! he coolly rose, to my utter astonishment, and said he could not answer for me, but with him everything had its price, and there was nothing he would not sell except his life. He had seen my daughter, he said—he thought her pretty, and a girl of spirit—he liked the name of Carlota—and he valued her at twenty five thousand dollars—just the sum, he believed, that I owed him; and he would take the girl, or the money, just as I pleased.

"'Villain!' cried I, starting up in rage—'do you mean to insult me? Who are you?'

"Softly, Don Ramon de La Mora!" he replied, holding up one finger, and fixing his small, keen, black eyes upon mine. 'Softly, my friend!—do not get in a passion! You know me, at least by reputation: I am at your service; and I am—Romanillo!'

"At that dreaded name," pursued my host, "a name black in the annals of crime—a name of terror to every man, woman, and child in this region—I confess it, I sunk down paralyzed with fear—sunk down upon my seat as powerless as an infant.

"And yet why should I have feared him? We were alone, man to man, and I much the largest, and to all appearance the strongest. It was the name—yes, it was the name: for three or four years it had been the terror of the province—of all the region roundabout—and was associated with murder, rapine, and incendiarism. It was the name of the chief, too, of a powerful band of devils; and I knew he would not venture thus alone; and that of course I was surrounded, and myself and all I had were at his mercy. And yet, as I sat and looked at him, so young and small, I could not realize that he was himself this master spirit of terror.

"'Which shall I take, as your peace-offering, Senor?' he continued, deliberately puffing out a volume of smoke—'the girl or the money?'

"'Leave my family and self in peace, and consider all else yours,' said I.

"'You are a gentleman, Senor,' he politely replied; 'and whoever says you are a fool, must have knowledge of very wise men. I want twenty-five thousand dollars—neither more nor less: have you that sum?'

"'I have thirty-five thousand in the vault,' I groaned.

"'I will leave you ten thousand then; and that, with your estate, will enable you to get along quite comfortably. I will trouble you to show me the vault, and say to your servants that I am at liberty to do what I please about the premises. I am your friend, you understand! and there will be no necessity of your mentioning my name to any one. As soon as I have got what I have asked for, I will go my way and leave you in peace. And moreover, Don Ramon, you need not trouble yourself to superintend the affair; for I have my mules and mozos; and as you deal fairly by me, so will I by you.'

"Well, Senor, to bring my story to a close—a story, ha! ha! as you know, suggested by your telling me the hacienda is surrounded by your men—I complied in every particular with the commands of Romanillo; and I believe he took away the exact sum he had named, neither more nor less, leaving me at least ten thousand dollars in the vault."

"Quite a romantic robbery," rejoined I, "and reminds me of some of the old Spanish legends I read when a boy. And what became of this Romanillo?"

"It was said he left this part of the country immediately and went South. At least, within a year, we heard of his daring exploits below Tampico, and thence down to Vera Cruz; and then came a report that he and his band had been captured and shot; but, unfortunately, the last report turned out to be untrue; and of late a rumor has reached me that himself and a portion of his old comrades are back here. I can hardly believe it—though Juan, one of my peons, declares he saw him near Santander not three weeks ago."

"Ha!" exclaimed I, half starting from my seat, as a new suspicion flashed across my mind: "it is possible I have seen him! Will you be kind enough to describe his personal appearance, as you saw him eight years ago? What was his age then, Senor?"

"Well, Senor Capitan, to the best of my judgment, his age then was about yours now—some two, three, or four-and-twenty—I cannot name it precisely. In person he was small, under medium, with a very dark skin, jet black hair and beard, and very keen, black eyes, which, when I knew who he was, I fancied looked very wickedly and suspiciously from beneath heavy, projecting brows."

"The same!" cried I, striking the table with my fist, and causing my host to bound as if he had been a bottle upon it instead of a man in his chair. "I have seen him—I know him—I verily do believe!"

"*Valgame Dios!*" he exclaimed, trembling with terror; "where is he? *Por amor de Dios!* tell me you are not one of his band, Senor!" he added, starting back and staring at me, while beads of perspiration gathered upon his brow. "But if you are one of his brave band," he added, with sycophantic terror, as for a moment I sat looking at him, wondering by what law of physiology so cowardly a man could be the father of so brave a daughter—"if you are one of his brave band, pray tell him I hold his memory in profound respect, and shall ever be happy to serve him in my poor way."

"Sir!" cried I, rising in pretended anger, "this is an unmitigated insult! Do you dare to take the emissary of the Senor General Don Xavier Mina for a common cut-throat and robber? Are you no judge of character? Can you not tell by my face that I am a gentleman and no villain? as I can tell by yours that you are a weak, trembling, vacillating coward?"

"Pardon me, Senor, *por Dios!*" he cried, holding up his hands imploringly. "Ah! consider my nerves! they are very weak. I did not mean to insult you, Senor Capitan; but I was excited—I always am when I talk of Romanillo; you said you had seen him and knew him; and I—I—hardly know what I did say. You see, my dear friend, that for a moment—just for a moment—I somehow thought you might be a *pretended* emissary of General Mina, whom may the Saints bless! and a real emissary of that dreadful robber, whom may the Saints overthrow! and in that moment of terror, words escaped me that I would now recall."

"Well, never mind, Senor!" returned I, affecting to be reconciled, and resuming my seat: "I freely overlook all you have said."

"You are very kind, Senor Capitan—I perceive you are a true gentleman. But pray tell me where that dreadful man now is?"

"I am not certain that I know him, and therefore perhaps it is best not to name the person I suspect. But now for another matter of importance. You hinted but now that General La Garza might attempt to arrest me if I should leave your dwelling while he is here!"

"Oh, you need have no fear of him while you have a strong force at your command."

"Probably not; but as it is my force only which must give me protection—and as that, fortunately, happens to be stronger than his—what is to protect him?"

"Eh? Holy Virgin! what do you mean?" he demanded, with a startled look.

"Suppose, instead of my becoming his prisoner, he becomes mine?"

"Ah! Senor Capitan, you do not think of such a thing!"

"On the contrary, Don Ramon, I am thinking very seriously of it."

"You will respect my dwelling, my friend! Remember the General and his staff are at present my guests."

"Guests that you tolerate through fear, but secretly despise, or else you have been very unfortunate in the use of language."

"But still they are my guests; and, while beneath my roof, are entitled like yourself to my hospitality and protection. Remember, Senor, I interfered to protect you when I supposed you were friendless and alone."

"That is true, sir, and certainly lays me under obligation to hold aloof from all you choose to place in sanctuary. Had your noble daughter and yourself not interfered to save me from the insult and assault of that man, I assure you he would soon have been taught a lesson that he would have remembered the rest of his days."

"I am happy to know you see this matter in the same light as myself," he pursued. "To have a guest attacked within my dwelling, would certainly bring a stigma upon my name; and were La Garza to be made a prisoner by you, after what has occurred, it would not only bring disgrace upon me, but worse—persecution and ruin—for it would be reported that, knowing he was to be here, I had plotted with his enemies to have him seized."

"You knew then that he was to be here to-night, Senor?"

"Y—e—s—s," he stammered, with a good deal of confusion; "we had some business—that is—he—he was about marching his troops past here—and—and—that is all."

This agitation and confusion roused my suspicions that something was going forward which he wished to conceal from me; but unless I could be certain it concerned me personally or officially, I felt I had no right to inquire into it. There was one thing, however, which did concern me, and I said:

"What am I to understand from your remark that he was about marching his troops past here?—do you mean to say that they are now in the vicinity?"

"I do not think they are far away," he replied, looking down.

"Then it may be I waste time here," I rejoined; "and you will excuse me, if I take an abrupt leave!"

It occurred to me that, if the troops of La Garza were in the vicinity, it would be as well for me to withdraw my men, and let it be supposed I had returned to Soto la Marina; but, my curiosity being excited to know something of their movements, I resolved to secrete the main body in the nearest covert, and send out some three or four scouts for intelligence. That by doing this I might possibly miss the capture of Don Felipe and his staff I knew; but I could not take him where he was, under the circumstances, without a breach of hospitality, and the risk of subjecting Don Ramon, who reported himself a friend to our cause, to the imputation of a breach of faith; and should the latter, as he might think it his duty to do, communicate to the General the fact of the hacienda being surrounded by his foes, he of course would not leave till the latter should be withdrawn, or his own men be brought to his rescue; and daylight would reveal the paucity of our numbers, and perhaps bring on an attack from an overwhelming force: therefore I considered my plan, to withdraw them immediately, as the best I could adopt.

"Yes, Senor," continued I, rising, "perhaps the best thing I can do is to return at once and report your words to my commander."

"Perhaps it is," he replied, after a little hesitation, as if he did not wish to acquiesce too readily, though I fancied the words were accompanied with a feeling of relief. "On the whole, Senor Capitan, I think you are right."

"Well, if you can show me out, without taking me back through the hall, I will go at once; and you shall make my farewells to the ladies; and also say to the General, that the next time I meet him, I trust it may be in my power to return his compliments with some *striking* manifestations of the love I bear him."

"If it is your wish to depart at once," he said, rising and taking up the light, "you can pass this way to the *patio;* and, I pray you, assure General Mina of my love and esteem—that I am secretly with him heart and soul—and that he has my free consent to seize all his letter demands."

As he spoke, he opened another door into a corridor, which communicated with the stairs, and led the way to the *patio;* but just as we reached the latter, I was startled at hearing the sudden tramp of a horse, followed instantly by cries in English:

"There he goes! He has escaped! Take him—take him—dead or alive!"

Then came the reports of two or three muskets, the trampling of more horses, and the loud blast of a trumpet.

"Quick!" cried I, drawing my sword and darting forward to the alarmed and trembling porter; "open the gate instantly, and let me forth, or I will cleave you where you stand!"

"*Ave Maria Purisima!*" he exclaimed, in a voice of terror, as he undid the fastenings with a trembling hand and swung back the massive barrier. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1866.

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☞ PROPORTION OF GOOD PREACHERS.—Mr. Spurgeon, in a speech at the recent anniversary of the Baptist Union in London, made the rather astounding statement, that "you could get about one good preacher out of every eight students, and that nothing could change the proportion." It is doubtful whether other professions secure a greater proportion of really "good" material.

☞ Assure yourself that employment is one of the best remedies for the disappointments of life. Let even your calamity have the liberal effect of occupying you in some active virtue, so shall you in a manner remember others till you forget yourself.

☞ The Honolulu people are indignant that the beautiful groves and forests of the Sandwich Islands are being stripped, and the trees used for sugar boiling.

☞ A young lady in England, eighteen years of age, saw fit to break off an engagement to marry, when the discarded suitor became angry, and threatened to publish her letters. The lady appealed to the Master of the Rolls, and it was decided that the suitor had no right to publish, and an injunction was granted restraining him.

☞ A red squirrel with a white tail was recently killed in New Hampshire.

San Francisco.

San Francisco, June 25th, 1866.

DEAR POST:—We have scarcely been here long enough to say whether we are pleased or otherwise, but enough of general information has been picked up to admit of a short introductory letter, which I gladly give to old friends in fragments for the present.

On Saturday morning the Golden City steamed into the harbor, freighted with an excited crowd of eager and restless passengers. The morning was very beautiful, and we were up before the sun to witness the approach to the city. Passing a fort upon either side, the usual guns were fired, and the salutations made by "Dipping the Flag." Then, as we neared the dock, everybody hurried away to look after small baggage, and to scan the crowd for waiting friends. It was but a little while after we landed before all were scattered, going our several ways, intent upon our own purposes. At the Occidental we have found a resting place for a brief period, and it is exceedingly pleasant. Almost immediately after coming to my room, Mr. Leland, the proprietor, sent up a lovely bouquet, which is still beside me, fresh and fragrant. It was like the greeting of a friend in a strange land, to inhale the breath of mignonettes and forget-me-nots—bright darlings of the floral world.

After breakfast a walk upon the streets seemed to amuse and interest us by presenting novel scenes. Not that San Francisco is so very unlike other cities in appearance; but there are strange extremes to be seen upon the streets, and wherever we turn, which cannot fail to attract the observation of strangers. In the first place everybody seems to dress precisely as it suits them individually, without regard to fashion. Side by side we saw ladies in heavy winter furs, and thick dresses, light silks, white bonnets and lace shawls! Gentlemen wore white pants, straw hats and thick *overcoats!* The markets teem with cherries, strawberries, raspberries, apricots, plums, blackberries, and all kinds of delicious fruits. The tables of rich and poor alike are loaded with them. Speaking of fruits reminds me of a new story which we heard yesterday from a fellow-passenger who is a minister, and was one of the first pioneers of California. After morning service he came to see us, and was giving us a history of the growth and resources of the state, when we happened to speak of the size of the fruits, and the wonderful productions of the trees. He then told us a story which he averred to be true, but which he owned himself afraid to tell. A Dr. Crandell, now living at Auburn, in Placer county, he says, while pruning some shrubbery, marked the spot where a flower grew in his place, by sticking the broken branch of a pear tree into the ground beside it. This branch had been broken off the tree and used for more than half a day by the doctor as a staff. Leaving it there he was very much surprised to see, a few days later, that it was sprouting greenly, and a few days later it began to take root. This was in the spring, and in the spring following the doctor declares, on his word of honor, "that *As took fifteen pounds of pears off that stick.*" The tree is still growing in his garden, and bears plenteously of fruit. Dr. Deal, once the president of the Almeda College here, which position he resigned to take a contract surgeon's position in the army, asserts that Dr. Crandell is a man of undoubted veracity, and hard as the story sounds, he cannot doubt its entire truth! What will the readers of THE POST say to this? I could tell others as wonderful, but these stories are becoming common.

One thing I have never heard of before, which may be new to your readers. In passing through the markets, we see numberless eggs about the size of a hen's egg, and a staple article of trade. A short distance from the city there are a number of islands where sea birds come by thousands to lay their eggs, and the owners of those islands have them gathered up while fresh and carried to market. Only imagine how easy it would be to live with an income of several thousands per year, provided by the simple labor of gathering up eggs laid by the accommodating sea fowls! I believe the owners have grown rich by this queer product of "sandy isles."

There are a number of celebrities here whom I have not yet seen. The most noted are dead. One, "George Washington," has gone to New York. "Napoleon" is here—an eccentric man, who was once very wealthy. Having lost all his property, he lives in "exile" on some hill about the city, in a little hut devoid of all comfort. He never brushes his hair or washes his face; never shaves or trims his hair—is always in rags, and subsists on the fragments picked up from the streets. Work he scorns, saying he has "not come to that yet." He will not beg or accept a gift. If anything is intentionally thrown in his way he passes it disdainfully.

The "dead" celebrities are two dogs, which bore the names of "Lazarus" and "Bummer." Lazarus was afflicted with sores, and Bummer found him when almost starved to death. Taking compassion upon him, Bummer began to beg bones, and straightway fed the sufferer, continuing it until he had quite restored him. Then they became inseparable companions, and were noted characters ever after. I believe some artists have the photographs of both. Finally Lazarus died, and poor Bummer picked up another small straggling, for which he cared until his own death put an end to his good Samaritan-like propensities. Of these and other noted characters I may speak more at length in the future. In my next I shall be able to tell you something of "China Town" and various other places which we propose visiting soon. Then for the big trees, and the rich, rare beauties of the Williamette Valley.

With these in *futuro*, I am

Truly yours,

BELLA Z. SPENCER.

☞ One of the oddest incidents in the records of the stage occurred recently at a New Orleans theatre. An elderly actor was in the midst of an impassioned love scene, when his false teeth became loosened and fell out upon the boards. The lady with whom he was playing, with great presence of mind, swept her ample skirts over the dentist's work, and the actor, dropping his handkerchief, stooped and regained them, and walking jauntily from the footlights, replaced them without having at all deranged the scene or attracted the attention of more than a dozen people in the house.

☞ POWERFUL WHISKEY.—In Buffalo, a few days ago, a five-gallon demijohn, containing some stuff denominated whiskey, exploded with a tremendous report. The show window in which it was standing could not be found after a careful search. It is stated that fortunately no person was injured, as no one had drank any of the liquor.

An Ancient American Pyramid.

In the great American desert, which lies principally on the west bank of the Colorado, and between that river and the California range of mountains, ancient ruins exist in different localities. Baron Von Humboldt, during his researches on the American continent, discovered abundant evidence of the existence, at some greatly remote period, of a race of people entirely unlike, and apparently superior to, those inhabiting the continent at the time of its discovery by Europeans.

These evidences are becoming every day more and more conclusive, as the energy and love of travel of the American people lead them over its most forbidden, sterile and inhospitable wastes.

Recently a party of five young men, from one of the Western states, ascended the Colorado for nearly two hundred miles above the mouth of the Gila, their object being to discover, if possible, some large tributary from the west, by which they might make the passage of the desert, and enter California by a new, more direct, and easier route, as numerous small streams were known to exist on the eastern slope of the mountains, that were either lost in the sands of the desert, or united with the Colorado through tributaries that were unknown.

They found the country on both sides of the Colorado barren of every vegetable product, and very level and monotonous, but after passing on a considerable distance without any change, an object appeared on the plain to the west, which had so much the appearance of a work of art, from the regularity of its outline and its isolated position, that they determined to visit it.

They passed the distance of five miles over a barren, sandy plain, when they reached the base of one of the most wonderful objects, considering its location, which was the very home of desolation, that the mind can possibly conceive of; nothing less than an immense stone pyramid, composed of layers or courses of from eighteen inches to nearly three feet in thickness, and from five to eight feet in length. It had a level top of more than fifty feet square, though it was evident that it had been completed, and that some great convulsion of nature had displaced its entire top, as it was evidently lying on one of its sides, a huge and broken mass nearly covered by the sands.

This pyramid differs, in some respects, from the Egyptian pyramid. It is, or was, more slender or pointed; and while those of Egypt are composed of steps or layers, receding as they rise, this American pyramid was, undoubtedly, a more finished structure. The outer surface of the blocks was evidently cut to an angle, that gave the structure, when new and complete, a smooth or regular surface from top to bottom.

From the present level of the sands that surround it, there are fifty-two distinct layers of stone, that will average at least two feet each; this gives its present height one hundred and four feet, so that before its top was displaced, it must have been at least twenty feet higher than at present. How far it extends beneath the sands could not be easily determined.

Such is the age of this immense structure, that the perpendicular joints between the blocks are worn away from five to ten inches at the bottom of each joint, and the entire pyramid is so much worn by the storms, the vicissitudes, and the corrodings of centuries, as to make it easy of ascent.

By whom, at what age of the world, or for what purpose this pyramid was erected will probably forever remain a hidden mystery.

Other evidences were discovered of a nature that would seem to make it certain that this portion of country, now the most barren, was once the garden and granary of the continent, and the abode of millions of our race. Though the party were unsuccessful in being able to cross the desert at this point, yet they came to the conclusion that, at some greatly remote period, this desert was occupied by a people of whom all existing history is silent.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

Miss Mulock.

Mrs. Craik, (*nde* Miss Mulock,) the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," is portrayed in the Springfield Republican, the Boston correspondent of that paper transcribing from a private letter:—"Mrs. R——— knows Miss Mulock intimately. It is quite true that the good-hearted authoress married a lame man, one younger than herself. His name is Craik; he is the son of the leading minister of the Scotch Kirk, in Glasgow. The latter and Miss Mulock have been intimate friends for years; but he has not become reconciled to her marriage with his son, for she is forty and he but twenty-five. It appears that, some time ago, young Craik got his leg broken on the railway to London. After the accident, a letter was found in his pocket, addressed to Miss Mulock, (a letter of introduction from his father,) and he was carried to her house and tenderly cared for by her. A great friendship sprung up between them, but, for a long time, it was more like that existing between an elder sister and young brother than any deeper sentiment. He at length went home, but soon returned, proposed, and was accepted. Mr. Craik was what is called an accountant, but he has just become the manager in the London branch of Macmillan's great publishing house. Miss Mulock is very tall and rather gaunt, but has a peculiarly gentle look. She is very quiet and unpretending, and hates to be treated as an authoress."

☞ The Prince of Wales made a rather skillful little speech in laying the foundation stone for the Bible Society. He said that he had an hereditary interest in that society, since Luther's translation of the Bible was executed under the protection of the Elector of Saxony, "the collateral ancestors" of the late prince consort, while the present authorized version was introduced "with the sanction of the royal predecessor of my mother," to wit, "Queen Elizabeth." Some ill-natured reporter wrote "ancestor," instead of "predecessor," and the prince has been a good deal quizzed for tracing his ancestry to a maiden queen.

☞ THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.—A Mr. Palmer recently delivered a lecture on the Round Tower, Clondalkin, Ireland, to prove that the round towers of Ireland were erected by the Phœnicians for the worship of Baal.

☞ An Emeralder, upon admiring a beautiful cemetery, observed that he considered it a healthy place to be buried in.

☞ An Irishman being in a church where the collection apparatus resembled election boxes, on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized and could not vote.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

A Party Division—Engaging the Esmeralda—Committee of the Whole—Woman's Will—Once More in Saddle—Through the Truck Regions—Familiar Scenes.

A division of our party took place at Valparaiso—not that there was any difficulty or difference of opinion among us. We had been for many months a "happy family"—no jar or jangle among us in all our ranging and roughing it together. But duties that led us by different paths were before us, and so reluctantly, as lov'ng brothers and sisters part, we separated.

Very greatly we missed the sententious, Solon-like Mendocenian M. D., Don Sebastian Valdez, who returned to Santiago with his relatives, and thence to the regions of the Rio de la Plata. Much we missed Harry White and his lovely, light-hearted Chileno wife—more our genial, handsome, impulsive, and always blundering *habitan*, who fixed his future with the Whites and Riverias, and his hopes of future bliss upon a bright, beautiful little Riveria of the dimity persuasion, Dona Vesperina, youngest daughter of Don Carlos, and the Donas Selina and Antonia.

But most of all we missed our brave, generous, off hand commander—Captain Harry Marsden, and his kind, amiable, almost angel wife, the charming Chilce Angela. It was like parting with a very dear friend, too, the handshakings with, and good-byes to the brave, beautiful bark. The trial might have been more felt on our side, but that for more than a month there had been a bargain between Capt. Marsden and ourselves that at any time, and at whatever point on the coast we should determine to wind up our wanderings by land by advising him previously in time, he would meet us with the Esmeralda, bringing Angela, and carry us round Cape Horn, touching at Rio, and terminating the cruise at any port in the United States we should prefer. So there was a prospective reunion somewhere somtime—Guayquil, about two years, we guessed, and if we are permitted to zig-zag and triangulate the Western Slope northward to the terminus of our travels, and the reader shall have the curiosity and courage to keep us company, he, or she, as the case may be, will learn how accurately the Yankee characteristic was sustained by guess.

Our party being reduced by compound division to twenty-one members all told, fewer by a dozen than the number which composed our force when commencing our tramp in Brazil, and having seen our separated friends depart in different directions, we went into committee of the whole to determine our own course.

O'Harra, who never could get high enough to satisfy his ambition—if there had been a mountain pass to the moon O'Harra would have undertaken it on horseback. So the handsome ex-captain of hussars in H. B. M.'s 25th proposed an up-hill ride of a hundred miles due East, till the everlasting snow-line should be gained, and then a semi-Siberian journey along the Andean Range northward, freezing always for the fun of having long look-outs from the summits of old Aconcagua, Sorato, and a dozen or two other volcanic cupolas strung along the Chilean crest of the continent's back bone.

Cator, who had a wholesome dread of frost and fire, always in close contact but never mingled, and winter cruising in the clouds, proposed as an amendment that we should recharter the Esmeralda to carry us down the coast, either to Cobija, in Bolivia, or Arica, the most southerly port in Peru, from whence we would go inland by a more comfortable route to La Paz, and thence to Sorato, Cuzco, and the great valley of Titicaca, the latter being our Mecca, that we would see if all else in the Andean slope remained unvisited.

I had myself advocated the plan of following to the northward for the first four hundred miles or so, the belt of fertile country lying between the great unknown South American coast desert and the base of the Andes, and the choice lay fairly balanced between this last and Cator's choice, when Dr. Bond suddenly and as unintentionally as ever one did a thing, turned the tide of opinion in favor of a course that was by tenfold a madder project than O'Harra's volcano tramp, or even a proposed ride to the moon.

The doctor told a dreadful tale of sufferings, privations, hardships and horrors, famine and thirst, desolation and death, endured by an exploring party made up of something such material as our own, though of little practical experience, who had some time previously set out from Quillota, a small town on the coast some fifty miles north of Valparaiso, to traverse the interior of the great desert of Atacama, less known to the world to-day than the interior of Africa itself. After having penetrated to the heart of the desolate region, and undergoing all the privations and horrors that human nature is capable of enduring—more than many of them had survived, the remnant reduced to skeletons, scarcely alive, had returned to Juncal, the nearest town on the south to the borders of the desert waste, and such thrilling tales they related of tortures by thirst and hunger, and dreadful deaths on the hot, scorching scoria, that the blood of those who listened chilled with horror.

For a few moments after the conclusion of the terrible tale there was a profound silence, broken abruptly by the ever impulsive Irish Kate:

"Let us take the desert in our route, I say. We shall do better."

There was a simultaneous exclamation of astonishment in some shape from every soul of us masculines. Kate O'Harra was not daunted an atom, and Edith Bond said in her usually quiet way:

"Let us go look at the interior of Atacama."

"Edith!" the doctor said, sharp and resolutely. Cator muttered: "Ma-hom-et!" and O'Harra said to his wife:

"If it's a divorce you're going to seek, my dear, there's a pleasanter way than dying in a desert to come at the separation."

"Are you afraid of an insignificant patch of barren waste, gentlemen?" Madam Cosmo inquired, with a tinge of sarcasm in the tone.

"*Vive la Atacama!* We shall go through the desert," Senora Monteiro said in a way as if any will that was opposed to hers was of little value.

"*Atacama*—we will go see it!" said our lovely little Napolitan.

It was useless to reason, argue, or attempt to oppose authority. Dimity had taken the bits in its teeth again. As well might we attempt to silence the roaring Pacific surf with a wave of the hand, or put back the howling pampero with a palm-leaf fan. As women *will*, when they will to have their way, ours were unconquerable—not a word of reason would they hearken to, and so as Mahomet could not call the mountain to him, Mahomet went to the mountain, following the wisdom of the Prophet, failing to conquer the fair, we permitted ourselves to be fairly conquered, and *Alta cama*, with a fair prospect of leaving our skeletons to bleach on its blackened surface, became the order.

As we had, however, a stretch of more than four hundred miles through a tolerably fertile, semi-civilized country, lying between us and the southern border of the desert, there was little sense in taking to ourselves misery in advance; and so equipped as bountifully as was our invariable rule, with all requisites that the city could supply, we went to saddle, and galloped gaily out of Valparaiso, making light of the dreadful desert bug-bears that were five hundred miles, and a month or more distant.

To the northward of Valparaiso, for the space of from five to seven leagues, the land is divided generally into proprietaries or leaseholds of small extent, ranging from one to one hundred acres, and devoted mostly to vegetable growing, pig and poultry raising, here and there small herds of horned cattle, a good many sheep, and occasionally quite a stock of goats, all grown, and raised, and kept for supplying the Valparaiso markets, which as I have somewhere else remarked, are the best of any coast city in all South America.

The population of this region is a remarkably mixed one, being made up of English, Irish, Scotch, French, Portuguese, Austrians and Russians, Netherlanders and Prussians, the Teutonic element predominating, and a "smart sprinkling" among all of Kanakas, Chilenoes, and half and quarter breeds of all the nations named, with African or native Indian blood, the male progenitors of all these mongrels being mostly runaway sailors who, deserting their ships in Valparaiso, have eluded the official tar catchers, got out into the *campo*, married them wives of such color and lineage as came most conveniently to hand, and settled down to a semi-barbarous sort of life, more independent, and quite as comfortable, as that of any forecastle Jack afloat.

The dwellings are as incongruous as the human element inhabiting them—here a neat, tidy one-storied wooden structure, with Christian-like appearance, shingle roof, panel doors, glazed windows, and light Venetian blinds; there a slovenly rough and gray *adobe* house, with tiled roof, tiled floors, barn doors, and windows guiltless of sash, and plank shutters that would stand a broadside of grape-shot. Next a mud hut, with thatched roof, no doors, shutters, or windows, and ground for the floor. On the adjoining homestead, perhaps, stands a really pretty, two-story villa, ornamental in its architecture and accessories; and its next-door neighbor a mere wicker-work basket, daubed with mud, and nothing superior to a Hottentot's kraal.

But strange as it may seem, among all this heterogeneousness of material, the extremes of comfort and squalid wretchedness, there is everywhere a democratic equality, a general observance of quiet, order, and all the requirements of good citizenship that is really admirable, and might serve as a good model for many a community in countries boasting of a higher order of civilization.

The climate is most delightful, salubrious, and invigorating, the soil uncommonly productive, all sorts of grains and vegetables, as well as many of the fruits of both tropical and of the temperate zones, growing luxuriantly, and of excellent quality, the year round; and everywhere we saw those who were industrious and thrifty, prosperous, comfortable, and acquiring wealth. What a pity that ignorance, a low standard of morality—South American Civilization—should rule a region so like another Eden by nature.

Passing beyond this truck territory, one comes gradually into another world as it were, and to us old, familiar scenes, and manners and customs left behind months before in the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, came drifting back upon our vision and senses. The cosy, low-walled *haciendo*, white as the northern drift, half hidden in a miniature wilderness of fruit and ornamental trees, and trellised vines bountifully grape-ladened. Before the outer gate, in brown linen frock, belted with bright-colored morocco, broad-brimmed sombrero, and wide-legged *calosons*, with daintily-frilled bottoms, stands the grave, hidalgo-looking old Don, nonchalantly whiffing his paper cigarrito, ready with his welcome from the earnest depths of his hospitable heart:

"*Bien veni Senoras, y caballieros!*—will it please you to come in and stay with me. You will be welcome to all that is here."

On either hand rolls away a broad domain, dotted with grazing sheep, herds of horned cattle and horses, finer looking and of better blood than we have seen anywhere in the south of Chile.

Frequently we encounter and pass with courteous greeting a cavalcade of fine, handsome caballieros, and nut-brown, bright-eyed, and beautiful senoras, the latter riding like a man, only always more gracefully, with *both* satin-slippered feet in stirrups, and tiny heels armed with silver spurs, sitting so entirely at home in their high-peaked Spanish saddles, that though the spirited animal may plunge and shy, curvette and leap as he will, not a moment do they ever lose command of self or servant brute, never does their graceful *pose* degenerate into the faintest semblance of fear or awkwardness. These Chilenoe of the Pacific slope north of Valparaiso, are the most expert and graceful riders in the world.

Fields of waving grain begin to meet the eye too, though the Chilean wheat regions are beyond us yet. *Paciencia*, as they say in Chile—we shall ride into Ceres' domain directly.

☞ A city paper says that the "Royal Society of Grocers in London are in ecstasies because Prince Alfred has accepted a membership. They say he is the first princely member. This is a mistake; the Prince of Wales, who became George IV., was grocer than the whole body of them." Another says that if it did not think it could say something a Hule worse, it should refrain from adding that Prince Alfred is a little wild as well as young, and his mother was anxious he should join the grocers, under the impression that it would make him gro-cerious.

☞ A New Bedford Friend recently explained to her new domestic that washing-day came on every S-cond day. The girl left in high dudgeon. She didn't go to be washing every other day! Not she.

☞ A farm sold a few days ago in Marion county, Tennessee, for the round sum of $60 000 in gold, which was at the rate of $100 per acre.

A CHAPTER ON PEARLS.

BY AN EXPERIENCED JEWELLER.

Pearls are obtained from a bivalve known as the pearl oyster, found at great depths in the Indian seas. These oysters are of great size, measuring from nine to ten inches in diameter, and known to naturalists as the *Maleagrina Margaritifera*. The larger pearls are usually found in the beard of the fish, the smaller in the flesh. The deeper the water, according to the experience of the divers, the larger the pearls. Pearls are composed of a series of concentric layers, of a thin gelatinous membrane, alternating with layers of carbonate of lime, (specific gravity 2 68,) and are supposed to be concretions formed by a disease peculiar to this species of oyster.

Besides those known as oriental, there is a class commonly called Scotch pearls, procured from a particular variety of mussel found in Scotch rivers, and in other rivers of Europe, as the Moldava in Bohemia, the Conway, in Wales, etc. The Tay, near Perth, according to Mr. Pennant, produced at one time a great number, the value of which was reckoned at several hundreds a year; but the supply is now very limited, and the pearls themselves of little value. Some, however, of a good size and fine lustre are occasionally picked up here and there. Suetonius asserts, and it will be new to many, that Julius Cæsar, a great admirer of pearls, was induced to invade Britain, in order to secure the valuable pearls found there. According to Pliny and Tacitus, he brought back to Rome a buckler covered with British pearls, which he dedicated to Venus Genetrix, and caused it to be hung up in her temple.

Besides the pearls got in the oyster, there are often excrescences upon the mother-of-pearl shell, somewhat of the nature of the pearl itself, and which often assume very irregular and grotesque shapes; they are called baroques, and, when large and fine, bring high prices. One of the most singular of the baroques represents a Chinese, with crossed legs, and another has the appearance of a bearded dog; this term is also applied to a flat or ill-shaped pearl, if of considerable size. When pearl shells are smooth and regular in shape, there is less chance of finding pearls inside, but, when deformed or distorted, they are almost sure to yield some.

The richly variegated substance so well known as mother-of-pearl, (French, *nacre*,) "dyed with rainbow tints," and beautifully opalescent, is the shell of the oyster formed by the calcarous exuvia of the fish. It has "the brightness of the morning, or the glowing tints of the evening sky; in other words, the color of the prism softened, retained, and made permanent. The finest nacreous shells are those of Manilla, which are very large and brilliant, with yellow edges. Those from Singapore are larger, but of a dead white.

The decline in the value of pearls in Europe, which commenced in the seventeenth century, may be partly attributed to the more attractive brilliancy of the diamond, after the method of cutting and polishing it was fully understood, and partly to the successful imitation of the pearl itself; close as this resemblance may be, a person accustomed to look at pearls will easily discover the best imitations by their glassy vitreous look, so different from the orient of the true pearl. Minerals have the advantage of pearls in being indestructible and unaltered by time, whereas pearls, in process of time, moulder into dust. In opening the tomb in which the daughters of Stilicho had been buried, with the whole of their ornaments, for 1,118 years, it was found that all the riches contained in it were in good condition, with the exception of the pearls, which were so soft as to crumble between the finger and thumb. Pearls kept in dry magnesia are said never to lose their color or lustre if excluded from air or moisture. The pearl was in equal favor with the Romans, Egyptians, Hebrews, and other Eastern nations. The story of the large pearl, worth £80,729, dissolved, or more likely pounded, and swallowed by Cleopatra, is too well known to need repetition; but it is, perhaps, not so well known that pearls were the principal ingredients in the love philters of these days, and it is more than likely that this pearl was sacrificed to make a charm of great potency, in order to win back the regards of Antony. A match to this paragon pearl, belonging also to Cleopatra, afterward fell into the hands of King Agrippa, the favorite of Augustus, who carried it to Rome, and had it halved, to make a pair of ear-rings, which he presented to adorn the statue of Venus, in the Pantheon, and which, for size and beauty, were the admiration of all who beheld them.

The Sensation of Being a Beauty.

It must be delicious! To know that you confer a kind of favor upon all, by simply being in the world; feeling a consciousness that you have nothing to do, nothing to say, in order to be remarkable; but that all your function and duty is merely to present yourself to the gaze of others, and graciously condescend to be seen. The rest may go win honor in the deadly breach, or drudge half a life-time to acquire skill in handling the brush, the chisel, or the pen. But you are an aristocrat of fate, and to be born with an LL.D., or for the rank of R. A., to come with the first tooth, would be a poverty of good fortune matched against your endowments of clear skin, bright eyes, long, shining hair, small hands, or easy-jointed limbs. The bulk of us are only able to guess of this enchanting liberty of life—this rapture of the physical being—by a sense of not having it. We exist only in fragments. You, sir, are proud of your Hyperion-like locks; it is a pleasure to lift your hat on entering a doorway, for you know the bright, curly masses will attract attention and please the eye. You, madam, are especially contented with your fairy fingers, and it is with a thrill of happiness you somewhat ostentatiously remove your glove. But imagine, sir or madam, that every point and detail of your person was in the same perfection—what a perpetual intoxication of the delicious power to please would it not be! To exist in your finger-tips, and live sentiently to the very ends of your long, luxuriant hair; a shrug of the shoulders to be a triumph—a raising of the eyebrows a victory; able to licence any eccentricity by the elegant freedom of the doing of it; at liberty to laugh, shout, run, or indulge in any freak, assured that everything you do will be carried off by the graces of your person, and that every new oddity will be only a fresh opportunity of admiration; knowing that a slight occasional negligence of dress would be advantage in the one way, just as perfect neatness at other times, and a grand display on high festivals, would be in the contrary manner. We repeat, it must be delicious. . . . But something requires to be said as to the actual average condition of the great public with respect to its looks. Take a street full of people, selecting any thoroughfare you choose in any town or city in which these remarks happen to be read, and look at them. The conclusion, we fear, will be that, in the ordinary way, we are an ugly lot. How broad-shouldered or narrow-chested, over tall or dumpy, stooping or twisted, swarthy or chalky-skinned folks are! If you meet with a decent head, the body spoils it; or if the trunk is as it should be, then you find a distorted mask of a face above it; if a person looks well sitting, pray beware how you ask them to rise; or, on the other hand, should they have a dignified full-length presence, expect them, on taking a chair, to shut up like a jack-knife, and become mere head, shoulders, and knees. It is all very well to say that Nature knows best, and suits the one feature to the others; but for all that a judicious exchange of eyes, noses, and mouths would improve us wonderfully; and certain we are that there have been frequent and huge mistakes in the awarding of the legs and arms. We are tempted to a little digression at this point. There is another fallacy which says that no two faces are alike. Any one who travels much will tell you that he can in widely sundered places recognize certain orders of human countenances most distinctly. In every large town we have visited, we have met certain facial types so exactly repeated, that we are prepared to believe any drollery about mistakes in personal identity. We appeal to the reader whether, having examined a street full of faces and backs, he does not admit that the mob of us is not good-looking? Whether, indeed, it is not a kind of masquerade in which the men and women wear long and short noses, disguise themselves in wrong heads, and sophisticate their legs? We don't believe the eyebrows we ourselves wear belong to us; they don't match either with forehead or eyes, and we go about shamefaced whenever we think of it, aware that we are figuring in what belongs to somebody else. Once or twice we have had glimpses of our own articles (as we imagine,) but it has been in crushes when we could not reclaim them.—*Victoria Magazine.*

Reminiscences of a U. S. Senator.

Some thirty years ago I was in trade with Judge H———, in a pleasant village of Vermont, in the town of S———. There are two villages in the town that are denominated "Upper Hollow and Lower Hollow."

A short distance above the Lower Hollow lived a man by the name of Orlando Bundy, a blacksmith by trade. He was in the habit of using liquor pretty freely, especially about election time. About that time there was an exciting election for representatives to Legislature, that had just come off, and all was anxious to hear the result. Mr. Bundy happened to be in the store as Judge H——— was reading the returns from the different towns. Among the rest was that of a town on the west side of the Green Mountains, that had elected a Mr. S. Foot for representative.

"Is it possible that they have elected him a representative?" said Mr. Bundy. "I knew him like a book. He was a poor boy and used to live at my father's. His father died when he was young, and his mother being poor, he was put out to live with different farmers to earn a living. When he lived with my father he was so poor that he was not able to buy a pair of shoes. My father being a well-to-do farmer was able to keep me in shoes. It irritated the boy to think he had no shoes. One day my father sent us to cut Canada thistles in the field. I had shoes to protect my feet, but poor F. was barefoot, and the thistles pricked his feet, and I bothered him and laughed at him for not having shoes. He got excited by my jeers and the sting of the thistle, and straightening up, shook his little fist at me, and said: 'Orlando Bundy, I shall see the day that I shall be able to wear shoes.'"

And so it proved. He did wear shoes. He acquired an education—a profession—and his shoes trod the legislative halls of Vermont. His shoes pressed the floor of Congress and the Senate Chamber, and many a time have been in the place designated for the Vice President. They were the shoes of Hon. Solomon Foot, United States Senator from Vermont.

Female Beauty.

Revive the beauty of bygone ages, and you will revive all the beauty and the ugliness of those days; for there must have been a good deal of ugliness, otherwise the beauty would not have been so forcibly appreciated. Had there been more pretty girls in the days of Troy, Helen would have had few suitors, and Ilium might have been standing yet. What I mean to say is this: in those days people dressed so that unless their features were almost perfect they were literally nothing. All the minor graces which set off a mediocre person now were perfectly unavailing under the system of costume.

But imagine for a moment all your acquaintances dressed in this way. Would not the majority be frightful? How few faces and complexions would stand that binding back of the hair; how few forms could show to advantage beneath the simple robe, without stays or stiff petticoats; how few feet would be endurable in sandals; how few arms would bear the noon-day suns and the sharp winds, which would soon turn them to the pattern and form of a washer-woman's!

Perhaps the old Jewish costume worn by Rebecca and Rachel may have been a shade better, but there was the same exposure of neck and arms, with the additional disadvantage of a robe that showed a leg encased in hideous hose and boots, and that refused to sweep with Grecian amplitude around the limbs of the fair wearer.

Cleopatra, who is represented as being both dark and stout, could wear only the robes of white or purple, and the heavy diadem of strings of pearls that were allotted as the garb of Egyptian princesses. How dark and uncomely must have been the majority of her countrymen may be judged from the sensation she made. The Roman ladies were famed for their stately carriage and somewhat large, but noble features; and when to these charms they added regularity, delicacy and beautiful color, no doubt their simple, open, coquettish style of dress was very becoming to them; but without the latter qualification, how gaunt and coarse they must have appeared.

☞ A newspaper writer says that a California horse can live on the photograph of a bunch of grass.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE A SUCCESS.

IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

FIRST MESSAGE.

The Atlantic Cable.—New York, July 29.—The following dispatch has just been received from Cyrus W. Field:

Heart's Content, July 28.—We arrived here at 9 o'clock this morning. All well. Thank God, the cable has been laid, and is in perfect working order. We are in telegraphic communication with Ireland. The cable is in perfect order. Cyrus W. Field.

Heart's Content, N. F., July 29, via Aspy Bay, C. B., July 29.—The London Times, of July 27, says of the Atlantic Telegraph, "It is a great work, the story of the age and nations, and they who have achieved it deserves to be honored as the benefactors of their race."

A treaty of peace has been signed between Austria and Prussia.

A previous telegram says that a five days' armistice between Austria and Prussia commenced at noon on the 23rd.

There was more fighting on the 22nd, the Austrians claiming a victory.

A severe naval engagement took place on the 20th of July off the island of Lissa, in the Adriatic. The Austrians claimed a victory, having sunk an Italian iron-clad ship and blown up three.

Anecdote of Antoinette Brown.

While Antoinette Brown was studying theology at Oberlin, Prof. Morgan, who improved every opportunity to persuade her that there was more congenial as well as more effective and Scriptural employment for a young lady than preaching, once gave her this subject for a dissertation:—"It is a shame for women to speak in the church." (1 Cor. 14: 35.) Antoinette read an essay of half an hour's length, learnedly discussing the Greek word *lalein* there used, quoting the classics, and proving to her own satisfaction that it is one of those words in which the sound resembles the sense, like rattle, ring, &c., and that it ought to be translated *babble*.

Prof. Morgan heard her patiently to the end, and then smiling archly, asked, "Is it not rather a poor compliment to the sex? 'Let the women hold their tongues; for it is a shame for them to be babbling in the church.' But," he continued, "let us look a little at the New Testament usage of this word." So turning to John 6: 63, he read as follows:—"The words that I *babble* to you, they are spirit, and they are life:" also John 7: 46:—"Never man *babbled* like this man;" and 2 Peter 1: 21:—"Holy men of God *babbled* as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," and many other passages. Poor Antoinette blushed scarlet, for she was possessed of much maidenly modesty and beauty; but, convinced against her will, concluded to let that passage stand as one in which she and St. Paul differed.

Foreign News.—The Prussians have gained a complete victory over the Federal forces at Aschaffenburg, in northeastern Bavaria. Frankfort has been evacuated by the Federal Diet. Padua and Vicenza, in Venetia, have been occupied by the Italians.

☞ The storm of Wednesday evening, July 25th, was very severe in portions of Pennsylvania, New York and Maryland. At Havre de Grace, the new bridge was partially destroyed by a tornado. The loss is estimated at $200 000.

☞ The President has signed the joint resolution providing for the official recognition of the state of Tennessee, entitling her to representation again in both Houses of Congress.

☞ Albinos.—There is a poor man in Brighton, England, who has five children, three of whom are perfect albinoes. The father's complexion is dark, and the mother's nearly black, and both belong to families of dark complexions.

☞ A New York liquor dealer testified that one-half of his gross receipts was clear profit.

☞ The new style of ladies' riding hat, now seen in Central Park, is called "The Gladiateur."

☞ Hay Fever.—The Rev. H. H. Wood, curate of Hemingford Abbots, Huntingdonshire, England, write that "hay fever" may be instantly relieved by bathing the nostrils and the closed eyelids with spirits of camphor and warm water.

☞ At Union Hall, Saratoga, there are nineteen brides.

☞ "They say 'cotton is declining,'" exclaimed an old lady, as she removed her spectacles, and laid down her paper. "I thought so," she continued, "for the last thread I used was very feeble."

☞ In the diary of the Japanese mission who visited England in 1862, it is noted that at Dover they were received with cries of "Peyp'pehare," evidently intended for "hip, hip, hurrah;" and the writer adds: "The meaning is not clear, but it appears to be a congratulatory expression."

☞ Ex President Pierce was once earnestly besought by a neighbor to indorse a bill for him. He refused, civilly, being a very prudent man. The neighbor pressed it, saying that it was a small thing to do, and would be of much service to him. Again the ex-President declined. The neighbor became urgent. Then said Mr. Pierce: "John, look here. If I put my name to this bill, you will not pay it; I shall be made to do so, and then we shall quarrel. If you please, we'll quarrel now, while the money is in my pocket."

☞ A rich heiress, only thirteen years old, was married in Cairo, Ill., a few weeks ago, to a bridegroom of ninety-one.

☞ If you would look "spruce" in your old age, don't "pine" in your youth.

☞ Coal.—Anthracite coal was first used in this country in the Wyoming Valley, by two Connecticut blacksmiths, in 1768–69, but it was not till 1808 that it was used for domestic purposes in the common grate. In that year Judge Fell, of Wilkesbarre, recorded the fact that he had made the experiment of burning the common stove coal of the valley in a common fireplace, and found it answering all the purposes of fuel.

☞ S———, a well-known barber of Buffalo, made up his income list, amounting to $587, and handed it in at the office of Internal Revenue. The clerk glanced at the footing, and said, "No tax on incomes under $600." Some minutes later, noticing S——— standing patiently, the clerk inquired: "Waiting for anything?" "My $68" Clerk, "What $68?" S———, "Why, my income tax was only $5 87, and I understood *the Government would make it up for me!*"

DO YOU LOVE ME?

Do you love me? Tell me truly,
The deep meaning of that smile!
Does it mean that I am dearest,
Or but friendly, all the while?
Is it but your joyous nature
Making all around you bright,
Free to all who court its favor—
Beaming from your heart so light.

Do you love me? Are the glances
That I cherish from those eyes,
Granted freely to all comers,
Or that I alone may prize?
Like the planets that kindly favor
All that are beneath their ray,
Or a beacon-light bright burning,
But to guide me on my way?

Do you love me? Is there deeper
Meaning in each word and tone,
When it falls upon my hearing,
That is meant for me alone?
Or so soft and so enchanting
Does it fall on every ear?
Waking every heart to gladness—
Tell me, darling—still my fear!

Do you love me? Is the pressure
Of the hand, that sends a thrill
To my heart whene'er I clasp it,
Given without thought or will?
Is its meaning naught but friendship?
Naught but kindness on your part?
Tell me this, or tell me, darling,
May I claim your hand and heart.

E. E.

The Mutual Consolation Society.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,
AUTHOR OF "EVE ISLE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Henry Peterson & Co., in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXV.

Within two hours after MacIvor Fairstar had left Mr. Spragg's office, I received a hurriedly written note from Agnes, requesting to see me without a moment's delay. There was sufficient in the tone and manner of the communication to alarm me seriously, and rushing into the street, I secured the first hack I found, and in less than twenty minutes, was at Mr. Wardwell's door.

He admitted me himself, and one glance at his face assured me that my vague apprehensions were not without foundation—that something had transpired in which I was deeply interested.

"What is it?" I asked in an agony of suspense. "Tell me, tell me at once."

"I *will* tell you everything, and briefly, Larringdon," he said, leading the way toward the library. "Something has come to pass for which I was not prepared, from not accurately knowing my man. But first to let you into what was a secret, but is so no longer. Agnes's father is here—you have seen him yourself, but under the name of Marwood."

"Good heaven!" I cried, "can that be possible," while my heart sunk within me, though why I knew not, unless it was that there was something indescribably terrible to me in the idea of that old man with his awful metallic laugh, whom I had seen traversing the pavement in front of Spragg's house, and again appearing before him in his office, dragging after him the inanimate form of Samuel, Jr., being so nearly connected by blood with the woman I loved.

"It is even so," Mr. Wardwell went on, "and I need hardly say that I have all the time been cognizant of his identity, but under strict injunctions of secrecy, and also privy to his purpose of taking vengeance on the man who wronged him in a way that his Highland blood could never forgive; but his plans were all of his own contrivance, and have succeeded far beyond my anticipation. Spragg's son is dying in the hospital, a drunken sot, and Spragg himself is irretrievably ruined, through a stock speculation into which it appears he was drawn by an adroit scheme of Fairstar's. For this, however, I do not care, unchristian as it may seem, for Spragg but pays the just penalty for a life of fraud. But now comes the part for which I was not prepared. After springing his mine, Fairstar came directly here, made himself known to Agnes, and announced his intention of immediately going abroad again, and taking her with him."

"But he will, he must relinquish that idea, when he knows of our engagement, Mr. Wardwell."

"I certainly hope that such may be the case, Counsellor; but, as a friend, I must tell you, that he does know all about it from Agnes herself, who has exhausted every resource of reason and entreaty at her command in the endeavor to change his purpose, but without avail. He is by nature a man of strong feelings and violent prejudices. His experience has not softened him; and the fact that Spragg proved treacherous to the trust he reposed in him, appears to have generated in his mind the insane idiosyncrasy that *all* men are alike faithless. I knew something of this before, and therefore refrained from advising him of his daughter's engagement, in the hope that when he had settled his accounts with Spragg, and had leisure to think of ordinary affairs, that the prejudice I knew he would feel towards any one who stood in the relation that you do towards her would wear off as he became acquainted with you, and that in the end he would be brought to acquiesce, but his determination of going abroad at once deranges all my plans."

"Agnes will never consent to this virtual breach of her engagement if she loves me," I cried, excitedly. "She ought not; he has no claim upon her, and I have. I cannot, and will not, give her up to the keeping of this old ruffian."

"Stop a bit, my boy; that old ruffian is her father—she is his only child. He has suffered much, and his mind perhaps is slightly unbalanced by the unmerited cruelty he has received at the hands of one and another, and Agnes feels that her first duty is to him. Looking at it from *our* stand-point, it seems as if she was over scrupulous; but the Lord knows her sense of right and wrong is a deal nicer than yours or mine. However, you shall see them, and try your powers of persuasion, with my best wishes for your success you may be sure."

He led the way into the drawing-room, I following. At the farther side sat Mr. Fairstar, looking more like the grim, savage old Highlanders from whom he sprung, than I had ever seen him before, and by his side was Agnes, pale, but calm and collected, her hand close clasped in his, as though he feared to trust her out of his strong grasp.

"So you wished to marry my daughter, did you?" he began, with a malicious grin that made his face absolutely hideous, the moment he saw me. "You, a lawyer, whose business it is to cheat and defraud and prey upon your fellow men; you got her fortune, or part of it, from Sam Spragg, thinking to have it yourself, you dog! but you shan't while I live."

The hot blood tingled in my cheeks, and I made one stride toward him, but like a flash Agnes stood between us.

"Guy, he is my father, remember," she said, earnestly. "As you love me, don't raise your hand against him. Father, don't make it harder to obey you than necessary; it is hard enough at best."

"Well, perhaps it is, my girl," he said, with something like softness in his voice; "and I say, Larringdon,—that's your name, I believe,—I beg your pardon for the ungentlemanly epithet of which I made use. I have just come from Spragg, and I called him a *dog*, as he is, and the word was somehow in my mind. Death and Judgment! you should have seen the abject creature cower when I told him my name, Larringdon. He never suspected who I was all the time I was following him, for you see when I went away I didn't wear this white beard, and my hair was bright as yours; and a man who has been in an Austrian prison as many years as I have, with no one to talk to, isn't likely to be recognized by his voice I imagine, besides he thought I was dead. Yes, Larringdon, I tell you Spragg is a dog, a pitiable cur, but he'll remember me, ah, he'll remember me."

There was a half-malignant, half-insane glitter in his hard eyes, and a persistent, gleeful returning to what had doubtless been the all-absorbing passion of his later life, that told me my suit with him was hopeless, yet I would not quite despair without one strong, direct effort to move him.

"Mr. Fairstar," I said, respectfully, "had I ever suspected who you were, I should ere this have advised you of the attachment existing between your daughter and myself, and tried to have gained your approbation; let me hope that it is not now too late to induce you to give up your project of going abroad, and persuade you to remain here with your children."

"Powers of darkness! fellow, you will drive me mad. There's not a man on earth to whom I would give that girl—no, not even to Frank Wardwell, who is the only honest man I ever saw. I confided her to one, and he deceived me—no other shall ever have the power to ill-treat and make her miserable. Absolutely, and without any reservation, you cannot, shall not, have her. Within an hour we shall be on our way to the old world; the ship that is to bear us forever away from this cursed city, lies at anchor in the stream waiting only for us. You will never see her again; and she will disobey my express, my solemn command, if she ever sends you a message, written or oral, while I am above the ground, or receives one from you; and if she does disobey me, may Heaven smite me if I don't strangle her."

"Fairstar, this is outrageous," Mr. Wardwell said, laying his broad hand on his shoulder and looking him steadily in the face. "If I had supposed you capable of anything so monstrous, you never should have had my assistance."

"Don't talk to me of outrage," the old man answered, with his harsh, grating laugh; "what have I ever met with but outrage; besides, its too late, Frank, to say what you would or would not have done. Spragg is hunted down—hunted down. I have my daughter again, and I'll keep her—oh, I'll keep her. Come, my girl, time and tide wait for no one—we must be up and away."

"Father, is there no alternative? Is this inevitable?" Agnes said, pressing her hand over her heart, as though its pulsation was painful almost beyond endurance.

"It's as inevitable as death that you go with me. What!" he added, furiously; "are you so unnatural that you would desert me now, when I have so little, oh! so little, to make life tolerable? You, who are the living image of my dead Agnes, the sweet flower I carried in my bosom till Death withered and dried it up. Child! child! is there no affection for me in your heart? Would you cast me off for this stranger? Oh, Agnes! Agnes! Agnes! how how often have I howled the name and beat my chained hands together when there were only dungeon walls to hear, and thought of the time when, set free by some miracle, I should once more stand face to face with you, the last of my line. I did not think, it never entered into my heart to conceive, that it would take entreaty and command to induce you to go with me—to be the staff of my old age—to hold my head upon your bosom when I laid me down to die. But I am not deceived in you, am I, Agnes? You are my own true daughter, and love me fondly. Tell this designing knave to be gone; that he is a hypocrite, a cheat, a vile impostor, who would betray you did you trust him, and that my love, which is as enduring as eternity, is all, all you require."

"Father, I will obey your commands, and go with you; but you must not ask me to speak such a horrible falsehood. I was his promised wife—next to my God, I love him with my whole soul, and God only knows the sacrifice I am making to my sense of duty."

"Poor fool! poor fool! Yet so it is with women, like a whipped spaniel, they would lick the hand that beat them; but you'll forget him, child—you'll forget him. My love will be sufficient to fill all your heart."

There was a savage pathos in his voice that thrilled every one present. Agnes still stood with her hand pressed over her heart; her eyes raised as though in silent prayer.

"God help me! for I am sorely tried," she said at length. "My first duty is to my father, and with him I *must* go if he bids me. But, Guy, dear love, my heart is all yours, and will be through every vicissitude of good or ill. It is a hard fate that parts us; but God's will be done. If it is His pleasure, we shall meet again in this life—if not, we must try to be patient and remember who chastens in mercy. Don't prolong this interview. Hold me to your heart one moment, and press my lips once more and let me go."

Broken down and weeping by the suddenness and magnitude of my sorrow, I took the woman I loved above all others for one brief instant in my arms.

She rested there as she had done once before—quiet and unresisting; and now, as then, the tears were glistening beneath her long lashes—but those were sweet, and these were bitter as the waters of Marah. I touched her lips with mine, leaving on them a kiss in which I breathed my very soul; and then with a muttered curse, which was like the croak of a hideous bird of prey, the old man tore her away from me, and unapparelled as she was for journeying, strode with her from the house without another word and was gone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The terrible mental excitement through which I was called to pass, bore its legitimate fruits, and for many succeeding weeks I lay in a burning fever very near to death, and in my delirium, the one burden of my cry was "Agnes! Agnes!" But thank God! I know nothing of that period except by her say.

When I at last awoke to consciousness again it was to find myself lying weak and exhausted in an apartment I could not locate, and it was some moments ere I could at all collect my long scattered ideas, but slowly, slowly, memory resumed her wonted functions, and I recalled all that had befallen me, and comprehended the blasted, desolate life to which I must look forward.

I saw no one at first, but I heard a faint clicking noise on the other side of my bed, and turning over with a great effort, I saw aunt Ruth sitting there, busy with her knitting and very pale and worn as though she had been long watching.

I spoke her name. She started up, gazed at me for a moment as if to satisfy herself that I was once more in my right mind, and then knelt at my bedside, placing her kind arms over me so tenderly and loving, that I could have wept.

"Have I been long ill?" I presently asked, by way of rousing her.

"Yes, a long time, my dear; and I am so thankful you are spared to me. You have had a sore trial, my poor boy, but—"

"Not a word about Agnes," I said, wildly, "unless you have tidings from her, and that could hardly be, after what that old savage said when he took her away."

"You are right—there are no tidings," my aunt said, quietly; "but, Guy, you must meet your fate like a man."

"Don't talk to me in that way!" I cried fiercely, "my life and that of another have been blighted through the maniac whim of a barbarian, of a fiend in human shape; but if the Almighty will give me strength to leave this bed, I will hunt him through Christendom, and tear Agnes away from him if I have to spill his heart's blood."

"Would Agnes go with her father's murderer, think you?" was my aunt's rejoinder.

To this sharp question I could make no answer save to turn my face to the wall and groan in very anguish of spirit.

When I became calmer, my aunt began to speak to me on indifferent subjects, and I learned that I was at Mr. Wardwell's house, and that both himself and Dr. Wedgewood had shown me every possible attention. By-and-by she went out and brought them up to see me, and when I felt the warm grasp of their friendly hands, new life seemed to come back to me, I knew that I was indeed beginning to mend.

I need not linger over those convalescent days. My strength returned slowly, and at last I was able to leave my room, and then after another brief interval the house. It was like an escape from prison, but although my bodily health was being regained, a mental malady was growing upon me that I could not throw off. Call it unmanly weakness—perhaps it was so, but I could not return to the ordinary routine of every-day life with that rankling arrow in my heart. I saw Agnes's face before me every moment, and was possessed with the idea to go in search of her—to find her out, and to take her to myself at every hazard. But of this thought which was fast becoming a monomania with me I said nothing, not even to Wedgewood, my dearest and most intimate friend.

Finally, the doctor, Mr. Wardwell, and my aunt joined in urging me to go abroad. I fell in with their suggestion at once, for it tallied with my settled purpose, to find the woman who had been so cruelly wrested from me, and in three days I was on the ocean.

For three long, weary years I was a wanderer in the Old World, a wanderer with one object which seemed to become more hopeless every day. I traversed the Highlands, the ancestral home of Agnes's progenitors; I searched through crowded cities, and explored the European Continent in every direction; I floated on the Nile, and lingered in the long deserted ruins of Thebes, and gazed off over the arid sands of the desert from the summit of the Great Pyramid; surrounded by my Arab attendants, I crossed the sea of sand and roamed like a discontented spirit over Palestine—but all to no purpose. I heard no note or tidings of her I sought.

At last, weary of myself, of life, of everything under the sun, I set out on my return.

How well I remember the day when after so long an absence I again set foot in New York. It was a lovely June morning, and with an intense feeling of relief, I walked with the unsteady gait of one whose step has been accustomed to the oscillating vessel's deck up the familiar streets, noting the changes three years had wrought, till I reached the well-remembered No. — Nassau street.

Dr. Wedgewood still clung to his old quarters, and had retained my chambers also, for there was his sign, weather-stained and partially obliterated; and opposite it, and just above my own old time-worn shingle appeared a newer and larger one, whereon I read—"T. MONTGOMERY FLATTS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW."

With a strange thrill I bounded up the stairs to the third floor, and the next moment was standing in the presence of my dear old friend. I had given no intimation of my coming, and for an instant Wedgewood looked at me as upon a stranger, and then a smile of recognition lighted up his face, his hand grasped mine as it had not been grasped for many a day, and he gave me such a welcome as David might have given Jonathan.

And then we sat down and talked. I had many questions to ask; he had much to tell me, and then I was seized with a sudden curiosity to look into my old office which Mr. Flatts had appropriated to himself, but that gentleman was out and had taken the key, and I was obliged to wait.

Quickly the hours sped by, and it was dinner time before we had been talking, as it seemed to me, ten minutes.

"Come," Wedgewood said, rising. "You dine with me, of course. How surprised Anna will be to see you."

"Anna! so he is married," I said, mentally, and a bitter feeling rose up in my heart I am ashamed to say, as I asked myself why he was blessed and prospered, while I was blighted.

"How long have you been married?" I asked, abruptly.

"Two years, Guy. I should have mentioned it before, but I was afraid of bringing up unpleasant reminiscences."

To this I made no answer.

In due time we reached an elegant residence in the suburbs of the city, and I learned that the doctor and Anna lived with Mr. Wardwell, who would not part with his favorite niece.

What a welcome they gave the returned wanderer. The bitter feeling was quite banished, and I could bear to look upon my friend's happiness.

Mr. Wardwell was quite unchanged, but his attention was very much occupied by the supervision of a wee thing who was to receive the somewhat stately name of James Francis Wardwell as soon as I could accompany him to the font in the capacity of godfather.

We lingered a long time at the table, talking of the past and present, and in the course of that conversation I learned that our old society had actually become a tangible institution for a real object. Mr. Wardwell having endowed it with a fund to be used for the benefit of such young writers and artists as might be deemed worthy recipients of its bounty by the board of managers of which he was the president.

Mr. Wardwell and myself accompanied the doctor to his office next morning. Mr. Flatts was there. He gave me a cordial greeting, and intimated that he would be willing to take me into partnership if I felt disposed to resume my professional labors. He also informed me that he was engaged to Miss Bottleworth, that he had joined the church which had proved beneficial in a business point of view as he had anticipated, and that he expected to be married in the early autumn.

While we were talking I heard a step upon the stairs that sounded familiar, but before I had much time to think about it Mr. Bingle entered breathless.

"By Jove! I'm *doosid* glad to see you, Guy," the poet said, "I heard not ten minutes ago that you were in the city, and ran all the way from the *Bumble Bee* office to get a sight at you."

"I'm glad to see *you*," I said, returning his grasp with genuine pleasure. "How goes the battle?"

"Charming, Guy, charming, I don't live round on Ann street among the cats now. I'm married, you know, and we are living over in Hoboken, a regular lovely place, though the mosquitoes do pitch into a fellow awfully. But you can't have everything just as you like, you know, and Lydia says it's a good deal pleasanter than Fourteenth street ever was."

"So you married Lydia Spragg after all, Bingle."

"Oh! yes. Her father lost all his property, you know, and the family was pretty *doosid* hard up, for the old gentleman had a stroke of paralysis, and hasn't been able to help himself since, so Lydia and I got married, and took some cheap rooms where we live; and the old lady, with a little bit of money she had laid by, opened a milliner's shop, (she used to be in that line when she was a girl) and they both came to live with us, and we've managed to get along pretty well."

"That you have, Bingle, and you deserve it," the doctor said, warmly, "for you acted like a man."

"Well, I don't know about that," Mr. Bingle rejoined. "It would have been too *doosid* bad to have deserted Lydia when she was in trouble, you know, even if I had wanted to, which I didn't. They did the fair thing by me down to the *Bumble Bee* office. I get ten dollars a week now, and have the privilege of doing at odd times a little writing for the '*Molasses Chronicle*.' You remember Pinks. He runs it now, and he got Spicer to publish Jephthah's Daughter and gave me two dollars and a half for it, which was pretty *doosid* good pay, for poetry don't bring much of a price in the market. But I must go. Good-bye. Come and see us if you can."

I began to be impatient to see my good old aunt, and resisting the kind entreaties of my friends to remain with them a day or two at least, I took the evening boat for Albany, en route for Oak Hill.

Late in the afternoon the following day Mr. Lasher's old stage coach rumbled up to the door of the Buttonwood, and as I alighted therefrom, I found myself surrounded by the same little concourse that I used to see assembled there on the arrival and departure of the coach.

"Bless my soul! if here ain't the squire again," said the honest publican, giving me a cordial grasp of the hand. "How d'ye do? how d'ye do?"

"The squire!" echoed the unctious voice of Mr. Bottleworth. "Why, so it is. Welcome back to Oak Hill, and I doubt not, sir, after your various wanderings you are prepared to say with the poet,

"'This is my dear, my native land.'"

"Which is, I presume, unequalled by anything you have seen abroad," said Mr. Puff.

"And boasts of a far higher moral tone than pagan France, infidel Germany, and priest ridden England," ejaculated Elder Pewters.

I was too impatient to return more than a hurried response to my friend's greeting, and telling Mr. Smile to send his porter with my trunk, I hurried toward Woodbine Cottage.

I thought to burst in upon my good relative and surprise her, but she had seen me alight from the stage, and met me at the gate, threw her arms around my neck, and weeping and laughing by turns, called me her own dear boy, and I wept, too, and do not blush to confess it.

What a delightful evening we passed together. My aunt questioning me of my journeyings. I satisfying her curiosity, and now and then in the interludes, when she paused to wipe the moisture from her spectacles, learning of the few changes that had taken place in the hum-drum world where she was content to dwell.

A little before midnight she conducted me to my old chamber, and left me there. But I had something to do ere I slept, and after I heard her enter her chamber and close the door, I quietly descended the stairs, and went out, turning my steps toward the little dell, now almost hallowed ground to me.

As I crossed the street, I saw a carriage driving rapidly towards the Buttonwood. The *calèche* top was thrown back, and in the passing glance I bestowed upon it, I saw that it contained two ladies and an elderly gentleman, and on the box with the driver was another, who oddly enough struck me as bearing a strong resemblance to Dr Wedgewood, but it could not well be him, I reflected, and concluding it was a party of travellers who had arrived at the station too late for the coach, and had adopted the readiest means at hand to reach their destination, I passed on, giving the matter no farther thought.

It was a quiet, moonlight night, very like the one on which I visited the dell for the first time, and with a subdued, reverential feeling, I wandered on down the defile where the little pines and birches and the flowers that grew in the crevices of the rock, and the great rift in the hill itself were all looking just as they had done that night—I—I only was changed.

At last I paused beside the spring that bubbled up beneath the overhanging boulder, and thought of all that had transpired since I first stood there, and in my loneliness and desolation, I cried as I had so often done before, "Oh! Agnes—Agnes."

My tongue was parched and feverish. I knelt down by the pure, limpid spring, and drank and bathed my forehead.

"Ah, me!" I said, half to myself, half to the inanimate objects around me. "Would to God this were the fabled stream of oblivion, where the weary and heavy laden might drink and forget."

A few dried leaves behind me rustled as though disturbed by a light footfall, and a thrill pervaded every nerve of my system, as a soft hand rested upon my uncovered head, and a voice I not dared to hope I should hear in this world again fell upon my ear, softly, gently, as the leaves of autumn are wafted downward, and tremulous with tenderness, saying,

"There is a fountain that floweth from the rifted Rock of Ages, dear, where the weary and heavy laden may drink and never more thirst."

I struggled to my feet—how, I know not. Agnes stood beside me, and in her sweet face I read that we were to part no more.

CHAPTER XXVII.

My story is told, and it only remains for me to dismiss my companions, some of whom I trust my readers have learned to love, and this I do with a half sigh of regret.

Mr. Fairstar had died in a sequestered Highland nook, where he had lived in seclusion under an assumed name, fearing, as it seemed, that I would attempt, as I had done, to search him out. During his sojourn in the Austrian prison, he had inherited an extensive domain, that had for centuries belonged to his ancestors; and this explained what neither Mr. Wardwell nor myself had every clearly understood before, how he could command the funds to carry out his scheme of revenge.

When his death had set her free, Agnes proceeded to London and took passage on a steamer for New York, where she arrived, as chance would have it, the day after the sailing vessel in which I returned. She proceeded at once to Mr. Wardwell's, and learning that I had left the city scarcely an hour before, she set out for Oak Hill, accompanied by her old friends, and as they travelled the whole distance by rail, they accomplished the journey some hours sooner than I had done, and reached the little village inn, just as I was leaving the cottage for my visit to the dell. Agnes guessed my destination, and followed me; and there, where we first met, we were re-united after our long and dreary separation.

One of Agnes's first acts was to seek out poor Mrs. Spragg, and force upon the weak-minded but good-hearted old woman the acceptance of a sum sufficient to place her in perfectly easy circumstances, thereby partially undoing the wrong her father had perpetrated, in his blind, implacable pursuit of revenge.

I stand aside to let these children of my fancy pass. The mist of romance fades before me, as I trace these last lines. One by one the figures disappear. I shall conjure them into action no more; but one dear face, radiant with a heaven-born loveliness no other wears for me, looks over my shoulder, and smiles as I write the word FAREWELL.

A Traveller's Experience of Woman.

I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious; more liable in general to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweeden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel with a double relish.

☞ Don't get cholera on the brain, and, to this end, avoid reading the sensation papers. Endeavor, if possible, to keep a clean conscience, and two or three clean shirts. Rise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening. Be above-ground in all your dwellings, and above board in all your dealings. Love your neighbors as yourself, but don't have too many of them in the same house with you.

☞ "Nephew," said an Essex farmer to a lop-sided youth who had been quartering on him for the last six weeks, and resisted all gentle hints that his stay had been prolonged quite sufficiently, "I'm afraid that you will never come and see me again." "Why, uncle, how can you say so—don't I come to see you every winter?" "Yes, but I'm afraid you'll never go away."

☞ They have big snakes in Texas. One of them, measuring fourteen feet seven inches in length, entered a house near the bay shore at Galveston, and, finding a leg of mutton, swallowed it. The inmates of the house were in bed, but awakened in time to see this gastronomical feat. He was pursued to the water's edge and killed.

☞ The man who courts a young lady in the starlight probably expects to get a wife in a twinkling.

IF.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

If he would come to-day, to-day, to-day,
Oh, what a day to-day would be!
But now he's away, miles and miles away
From me across the sea.

Oh, little bird, flying, flying, flying
To your nest in the warm west,
Tell him as you pass that I am dying,
As you pass home to your nest.

I have a sister, I have a brother,
A faithful hound, a tame white dove;
But I had another, once I had another,
And I miss him, my love, my love!

In this weary world it is so cold, so cold,
While I sit here all alone;
I would not like to wait and to grow old,
But just to be dead and gone.

Make me fair when I lie dead on my bed,
Fair where I am lying;
Perhaps he may come and look upon me dead—
He for whom I'm dying.

Dig my grave for two, with a stone to show it,
And on the stone write my name;
If he never comes, I shall never know it,
But sleep on all the same.

OUR BOY.

Everybody has a "sum total" grievance. With some it is "rheumatism;" with some it is "taxes;" with some "maids-of-all-work." But do you know, O reader, what distances all these put together, and makes a complete extinction of comfort, security, and peace? You don't? Then I will tell you. It is *a boy!* What, the dear boy who lies in his cradle a month or two old, with eyes of turquoise, lips of coral, cheeks of rose-leaf, hair of golden down, dimples and delights in every gesture, miracles of genius in every movement of his little wax-work hands—*mamma's first!*

Oh, no: not *that* boy!

"You surely don't mean our Reginald at Eaton—that high-spirited, noble-hearted progidy of wit and wisdom in embryo, who is on the high-road to being a leading patriot, astonishing the House of Commons, and raising himself to the peerage?"

Oh, no: not Reginald.

"Then what boy *do* you mean?"

"Our boy"—simply the *thing* known by that denomination. Perhaps you never had "a boy." If so, you may be thankful. Take rheumatism, taxes, and rebellious or incompetent maids-of-all-work in calm resignation. You, indeed, know *something* of domestic affliction, but not what they do who "keep a boy."

"Ah! You don't like boys?"

Yes, I do, in stories, where they are made clever, agreeable, amusing, and good; or where, if they have faults, they don't affect my peace. Nay, I can admire them when I see them abroad in every rank of life: I can smile at their mischief, and applaud their courage and their openings of spirit; but at home, that *is* quite another thing.

We had outstayed our friends in the town in which we had long lived. Some had died, some had removed. In an evil hour we took it into our heads that we would go and live in the country, and solace ourselves with rural satisfaction. A neat little cottage was soon found, about three miles from the market town; here we established ourselves. There was a pleasant garden behind, which only wanted culture to be profitable. Three miles out and three back made too long a walk for people past the meridian of life, who had never been used to more than the town parade, or the roadside walk to the turnpike and back; so, as it would be convenient for market purchases, and to call on the few friends left to us, we resolved to keep a pony and a little chaise. The garden, and the pony, and the little chaise altogether, made a formidable demand on labor; yet in our small house, with our small family, and our humble style of doing things, it seemed monstrous to set up a man.

In another evil hour, our landlord, when he called to see if we were "all right," was so heartless as to advise us—as if he were providing us with an unexceptionable benefit—to keep a boy!

"A boy is what you want," he said; "he will dig your garden, raise your vegetables, (with a little looking after,) and manage your flowers. He will dress the pony, clean the carriage, and keep the harness bright. He will carry water from the well for you; he will clean your knives, brush your boots and shoes, and do a hundred jobs for your maid; and if you provide him with a neat dress for indoors, he will wait at table—in fact, you may turn him to account in a hundred ways."

Poor deluded victims that we were! we believed him, and wondered how we could have lived so long and so comfortably without "a boy."

It was no sooner understood that we wanted a boy, than applicants for the place were flatteringly numerous. The mothers, in most instances, came with them, and they all gave such excellent characters to their hopeful sons, that the difficulty was to choose the best out of so many *perfects*.

Our maid, who had, like ourselves, indulged in airy castles on the prospect of our aid-de-camp, was rather distrustful of the appearance of our selection. Certainly his aspect was not brilliant; but then, as his mother suggested, good living and our neat *livery* would make "a deal of difference in his looks."

It is of no use to describe our gradual awakening from false expectations in this our first experience; suffice it to say, that, having eaten everything that came in his way, (and gone out of his way to find more when he wasn't satisfied,) as if his sole purpose in coming was to make up for the hunger of a hard winter and bare larder at home, we dismissed him with the reasonable remonstrance that, though we were ready to take working and eating together, we had an objection to the latter by itself.

"It was a pity we didn't take Thomas," we remarked to one another; "he was a sharp-looking lad, and would be of service."

Perhaps he was at liberty still!

Yes, and very willing to come; in fact, our late adjunct was a good advertisement of the place: he had come in and gone out like the weasel in the fable, who had eaten himself into so sleek a condition, that egress from his sack was no easy matter.

Thomas was clever, (and with sorrow we found we could say the whole saying,) with a vengeance! He soon discovered that his predecessor had left everything in dirt and disorder: the harness was well-nigh spoiled; the knives were hacked like saws; the weeds had only been nudged a little on one side, here and there, instead of cleared; the pony would never come clean! *He* was the boy our landlord had meant when he told us we must keep one. We congratulated one another, we got quite cheerful—we praised him—we begged the maid to make him comfortable—we smiled on him, listened to all his sharp sayings—gave him a new dress instead of the old one, which had got quite into the shape of its ungainly wearer, and settled down serenely satisfied. Now we should have vegetables! Now we should have flowers! Now the carriage, which we had seldom used with comfort, from its being so dirty, would be at our command, and we should be able to cut our meat instead of sawing it, a great comfort among small ones.

All went on delightfully for a full month; the maid was the only one who wasn't quite happy. Well, a month's peace is worth having, and ours enabled us to hear better the information we got from a neighbor, that our "clever boy" was in the habit of lending the pony to his friends when we believed it to be safe in the paddock we had hired for it to graze in; that he was intimate with poachers, to whom he was very liberal with our beer (having a second key to the tap, for he was very clever!); and, in fact, that he committed other enormities, which, on the principle of "not greasing the cook's pattens," we won't here enumerate.

We were greatly moved at this revelation, and consulted as to the best mode of proceeding.

"Better charge him with it at once," said one; "he is ingenuous; he will confess, be ashamed, and beg forgiveness; he has fallen into bad hands, poor fellow; we must remember, he is but a boy!"

"But," returned the other, "he may be better brought back if we only *hint* that we have heard rumors and suspect him: this will put him on his guard; we will touch significantly on the importance of character; he will be warned; it is better he should not think we *know* anything: it might damp his spirits, and depress his energies, poor boy!"

While we were thus debating, Thomas had discovered from the maid that we had had a visitor—he had seen our faces through the keyhole after the departure of the said visitor; and when we rang the bell and told the maid to send him into the room, (which we did with much uneasiness at the vexation we were about to give him,) she said he was gone to the paddock to see to the pony.

This was a relief—a respite; dinner-time came, and, as the knives were not clean, we were driven back to the old saws; night came, but not Thomas; he had thought it prudent (perhaps to spare our feelings) to depart; and, that we might not be too anxious as to his going uncomfortably, he had taken the pony, which was found in the road miles off. We never saw him again!

Everybody was shocked. We were considered reprehensible, very, for not pursuing him and bringing him to justice. This was out of the question. We had been answerable for him for one month only, had suffered enough already, and were not going to harrow up our feelings any more.

Our maid now told us that she had always "seen through" Thomas, that he used to commit all sorts of enormities after the first three days, had done no more work than the others, and had often declared he couldn't live long with such "muffs."

We agreed we wouldn't have a clever boy again, and we didn't; there we followed out our intentions. We had every variety but clever, and honest, and industrious, and clean; those, perhaps, did exist somewhere, for some people, but not for us! We changed with the moon; sometimes we got one more hopeful, but he was sure to be ill-tempered, and quarrelled with the maid; and as she had been with us a very long time, and we were much attached to her, we inclined to her side in the matter, and dismissed him. At last we engaged one older than his predecessors, but still, in our estimation, a boy. We dared not feel anything like lively hope, but a treacherous willingness to be deluded seduced us, and as day followed day, and week followed week, without any complainings from Sarah, and the work went on apparently well, we breathed freely.

"I should think we might venture to go to the sea for a fortnight, before the autumn is quite gone; Sarah is so satisfied with Joseph, and he is so steady."

"Certainly." How pleasant! We were quite charmed. So Sarah was summoned, and informed of our intentions.

She looked up and down, and bashful, and smiled and fidgeted. Sarah was forty-two, with a long, thin face, and much freckled, and red hair.

We thought she was growing silly, and looked uneasily at her. After a cough or two, she mumbled out something about "her and Joseph being left alone together!"

We were diverted at the notion of any impropriety, and laughed outright, whereat Sarah drew up, and, to our unutterable amazement and disgust, informed us that she and Joseph were engaged, and were going to be married at Christmas—in fact, that she had been some days on the point of giving us notice, that we might provide ourselves in time.

Well! Joseph was our *last* boy, and our boy-career finished off with the decoying away of a servant (who had become indispensable to us,) on account of some paltry fifty pounds she had saved in our service!

Reader, we sold the carriage and pony, gave up the cottage, and went back to the town, walked on the turnpike road, bought our vegetables, did without flowers, and in the very deepest of domestic troubles solaced ourselves with the thought, "We have no boy!"

☞ A young man was killed in London recently, by crinoline. Walking along the street, his foot caught in a lady's skirt, and he was thrown to the pavement. The coroner, on the inquest, said he knew of four recent cases of death from similar causes. The jury rendered a verdict of "accidental death from treading on a woman's crinoline."

☞ The use of fine language is becoming common. The other day a member of Congress, wishing to say, in fine English, that a friend of his had died, told the House of Representatives, that "his gentlemanly spirit winged its way to its Maker."

MODERN vs. ANCIENT TIMES.

"Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days are better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."—*Ecc. vii-10.*

Some people have great respect for the past; they venerate anything that is ancient, and are forever harping about the infelicities of the present age. They strive to make you believe that the times in which we live are not to be compared with those which have preceded. But did you ever pin these people down to the particulars when they talk about the good old days of yore? They tell you that man is degenerating, mentally and physically, that rascality is increasing, that frivolity and fashion completely control our young men and maidens, and that we are all going to smash generally. "Oh, dear," they say, when they hear of a railroad or steamboat accident, or a bank failure, or of a man struck on the head with a brick-bat, or of some old covey cheated out of his money at thimble-rig, or of a confidence-man, "Oh, dear, what are we coming to; the world is growing worse every day; it will soon not be fit for quiet, respectable people to live in." "You need not talk to me about the improvements and comforts and privileges and advantages of these times. I tell you they are not to be compared to the good old days of Adam and Eve. Then there was peace and quiet and comfort, and people lived naturally and simply and rationally, and didn't go through life on the whirl, but they enjoyed themselves, lived well and took things easily." Now that kind of talk sounds prettily, but I can't make up my mind to believe it. Adam, as far as I can learn, was a tolerably respectable man, belonging to one of the first families, owned considerable wild land, almost controlled public sentiment, and, in fact, was looked up to and was acknowledged as the man of his neighborhood, and for a long time so influenced the community that he had everything about his own way. But finally, he was unfortunate, failed in business, was forced to emigrate, and not a solitary friend even raised a hand to help him. His wife, judging from her portraits, was a beautiful woman, who wore very low-necked dresses, and who was so aristocratic and exclusive, that she didn't go out to a dinner party for over twenty years. Her children were no better behaved than other folks'. It is said that her oldest boy gave one of his brothers such a pounding that he never recovered from it; that the girls never would visit out of the family, and that one, if not more, of the sons had the bad taste to marry relatives several degrees nearer than first cousins. These same people will talk of the excellencies of the patriarchal system, and the high tone of morals then prevailing, and they say that than honesty was the rule and not the exception. Now, allow me to give you an example of that system. Jacob is generally considered as a representative man of those days—had more slaves and handled more money than any other man in his district; but if there is any member of this club who thinks his mode of travelling or courtship, or his treatment of servant girls, or his style of farming, or the cut of his son's fancy coat, or his boys' mode of financiering (raising the wind by selling their brother) was any better, or was even equal to the present style of doing the same thing, I can't agree with him.

History tells us that Solomon was an A No. 1 man in his day; a sort of Agassiz and A. T. Stewart mixed; well posted in birds and fishes, in the price of timber and all sorts of brass works; who had as many wives to take care of him and keep him comfortable as Brigham Young, and whom the writers of those days used to brag on as the paragon of mankind not to be equalled in all time, past or future; but I think most any Northern mudsill has now more advantages than he had. Solomon never went to Sunday-school, or had white sugar in his tea, or the morning paper with his coffee, or rubber boots, or took chloroform when his tooth was pulled, or read his Bible by gas light, or had his photograph taken. Charlemagne was another tip-top king in his day, who conquered all the nations about him, and made the Pope himself get down on his knees and do him homage; but he never carried an umbrella, or was vaccinated, or had a six-shooter in his pocket, or rode on a railroad, or owned stock in an express company, or had an iron-clad gunboat or a breech-loading rifle. It is the merest gammon to talk about the excellencies and advantages of the age of chivalry, and to say that the men and women of those days were better bred, and more polite and tender of the fair sex and of the weak and defenceless than people are now. Just see how they treated the Maid of Orleans, that woman's rights man, who thought she could do what a man couldn't. Instead of leading a quiet life and living to a good old age, and having tea-parties and little gatherings for her children and grand-children as a decent woman should, she must go off to war and join the cavalry service, and soon after be burned at the stake for a witch, before she had lived out half her days. Those were the times when, if you didn't walk straight, you would receive a call from the Inquisition, if in Spain; or might happen on a St. Bartholomew's massacre, if in France; or an earthquake in Lisbon. People had no glass in their windows then, or carpets on the floor, or mattress to sleep on, or spring bedstead, or furnaces in the cellars, or cheap almanacs, or tomatoes, or green corn, or tobacco, or any sort of canned fruit. What's the use of talking about the Elizabethan age, when the queen herself never had a buggy, or carriage, or stage, or omnibus, but had to ride in state on horseback, behind her chancellor. She never enjoyed the luxury of an Irish potato or fried mush for breakfast, or milk and hominy for supper, or sent a telegraph dispatch, or spent the night in a sleeping car. All the revenues of her kingdom could not purchase a friction match, or a bottle of homœopathic pills, or a barrel of carbon oil, or a cooking stove, or a yard of cheap calico, or a thermometer. What did the people know of daily mails, or steam engines, or steamboats, or gold watches, or oil wells, or free schools, or the 4th of July, or life-boats, or planing mills, or sewing or knitting machines, or sorghum molasses, or accident insurance companies, or letter-presses, or corn-poppers, or skating parks, or baby-jumpers, or clothes-wringers, or vapor stoves, or national banks? In my opinion, instead of longing for those times, we are lucky in being well rid of them, and if we could have arranged matters, so that we should not have been born until about three hundred years from now, we should have found this world a much more comfortable place to live in.

☞ Not what we give, but what it costs us to give, is the measure of our generosity.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

A word will fill the little heart
With pleasure and with pride:
It is a harsh, a cruel thing
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours
These joyous creatures know;
How much of sorrow and restraint
They to their elders owe.

How much they suffer from our faults,
How much from our mistakes;
How often, too, mistaken zeal
An infant's misery makes!

We overrule and overteach;
We curb and we confine,
And put the heart to school too soon,
To learn our narrow line.

No; only taught by love to love
Seems childhood's natural task:
Affection, gentleness, and hope,
Are all its brief years ask. L. E. L.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was not town, and it was not country, and it was not sea. It seemed as though it had been trying to be all three, and having met with a terrible failure, had settled down into a nondescript state of existence, endeavoring to shrink again into obscurity, quite ashamed of its rash and hopeless aspirations.

There was a line of rude cottages lying along the beach,—if that long stretch of mud could be dignified with such a title,—and at right angles with this line of cottages ran a roughly marked-out road. The only house in the road was a shop, which had evidently been intended for the commencement of a row, the sides being unfinished, and showing the beams and apertures for the fireplaces next door, whenever the next door should be built.

But the next door had not been built, and probably never would be, though brick ends and other indications of workmen, still not cleared away, gave token that the work was not intentionally left incomplete.

At a little distance from this foreground, on a slight elevation commanding what view of the sea there might be when there was no mist, were excavations in preparation for a house of goodly dimensions, though why any one should ever have contemplated building in so uninviting a neighborhood, would be a difficult matter to determine. So the projector seemed, on more mature consideration, to have decided, for the idea was evidently abandoned. A few small houses and hovels scattered here and there completed the place, whose pretensions to a town might be summoned up in the negation that it was not country.

In like manner its claims to country might be described by saying it was not town. A few stunted stubble-fields, some clusters of thick, furze-bushes, a miserable common, whereon some donkeys believed themselves to be grazing, but found it a very hard creed to swallow, and half-a-dozen dwarf elm-trees, whose leaning trunks and boughs, bent by the sea-breeze, gave one the uncomfortable feeling that they were fast losing their equilibrium, and that the next gust of wind would topple them over altogether. Add to these a stagnant pool, in which some indefatigable ducks were dabbling for food, and all rural associations were at an end. Long, sandy reaches covered, or rather sprinkled, with long rush-like grass, suggested the vicinity of the sea.

Adriana turned towards where the sea should be, but the tide had gone far out, and only a hazy line indicated water in the distance. There were some boats lying on the muddy beach, and some fishing-nets spread out to dry, and troops of bare-footed children, luxuriating in sundry pools and puddles that the tide had left, gave rise to the impression that in so far as the population was concerned, Grayside was an increasing place. She wondered how people living amidst such desolation could be content, and, much as she had wished for an out-of-the-world residence, her heart died within her as she noted the bearings of her future home.

"You must inquire for Mrs. Rebecca Davis," said she to the driver, and she shrank back into the corner of the antiquated chaise that had brought her from the nearest post-town.

"Inquire, is it?" muttered the driver to himself; "sure then its little the lady knows where she's going to. No need to inquire, ma'am," said he, aloud, "I know the house."

And after proceeding for about half a mile, he turned up a narrow lane, fenced on either side by a straggling hedge, and great abounding in loose stone-heaps, over which the chaise jolted uneasily.

As they advanced, the hedge assumed a somewhat more trim appearance, and as they drove into a sort of courtyard, the gate of which was left open, as if an arrival were expected, it seemed to Adriana as though the transformation-scene of a pantomime had taken place.

This court-yard was surrounded on three sides by an old stone wall, covered with carefully-trained fruit-trees, whilst the house formed the fourth side of the square; the back of it evidently, though this seemed the principal entrance. And at the door stood an elderly lady in a dark-gray stuff dress; the whitest of white kerchiefs was crossed over her bosom, and the stiffest and primmest of Quaker caps covered her scanty silver hair.

"Welcome, dear friend," said the old lady. "I am right glad to see thee. Didst leave John Davis and his wife and child all well?"

And as Adriana replied, she led the way into her sitting-room.

A low wainscoted room, with beams across the ceiling, the plain furniture, as bright as hands could make it. One end of it was almost taken up with a wide casement window, part of which formed a door into the garden; and as Adriana caught sight of the view that lay beyond, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"It is the only picture I have," said Rebecca Davis, smiling, and seemingly pleased with Adriana's astonishment; "truly, child, the Almighty's pencil paints finer pictures than the hand of man."

"But the hand of man has done something," said Adriana, as she looked out upon the soft turf, and the borders studded with snowdrops and crocuses.

"Yes, the hand of man hath tended, but not made. Look beyond. Many and many a day have I watched the sun go down from this window, and I have thought of the life of the righteous man, more and more glorious as the evening tide draws on and its setting is at hand."

The eye of the placid Quakeress lightened as she spoke.

Adriana looked beyond. The soft turf contrasted well with the gray rocks that bounded it, and which rose high above the shore. Their jagged peaks and outlines hid from sight the muddy beach, and showed no space between them and the wide waters. It was as though another transformation-scene had taken place, and Adriana was in fairyland.

The sun had struggled through the mist, and on a pale, gold sky the dark gray clouds floated in bars of shade. The nearer ones were tinged with a purple crimson, and the more distant seemed as if a rosy fleece were hovering over them. There was but one single patch of blue visible through a rift in the heavier clouds, looking more deeply blue from contrast with the surrounding shades of color; the waters reflected the brilliant hues, and flashed and sparkled as the monarch of the day sank down to meet them; and, as he greeted them with his farewell kiss, a flood of light hid the boundary line of earth and heaven.

Adriana gazed in silence. A new life had sprung up within her; a sense of deep peace stole over her; the past was for the moment forgotten, the present seemed so exquisite. She tasted that sensation of ineffable happiness, known at rare times to all of us, when the heart feels that it has snatched one moment of supreme repose, as though the ministering angels had overshadowed us with their protecting wings, and had enfolded us in a spiritual embrace.

"A peace that passeth man's understanding."

Rebecca Davis stood watching her.

"Is it peace, my child?" said the gentle Quakeress.

"Peace! rest! I shall be happy here."

CHAPTER XXII.

Time went on twisting his wondrous cable, entwined of so many threads that mortals fail to count them. A marvellous coil of sorrow and of joy, of life, of death, of good and evil, weaving in incongruities, and coming to no halt, no knot to be untied, no roughness to be made smooth, but one broad even line of indestructible fibre that has been weaving throughout all ages, connecting us, as it were, magnetically with the past, through the wondrous telegrams it delivers to the more marvellous present.

And as we stand, and look back with awe upon that mighty past, a feeling of regret comes over us, almost of remorse, as we reflect that we can send no message back along that even line, no word to tell the brains that worked themselves out, the hands that strove, the hearts that struggled and despaired and pined, to perfect it, that they wrought and fought and bled and died, not in vain, but that through their toil and sufferings their fellow-men have come to be more noble.

In vain! Like a marble monument to a starved painter or a maddened poet, is our most earnest tribute to those dead and now appreciated ones.

Yet such is life, and such the fate of genius. The death-angel oftimes gives the crown of mortal as well as of immortal glory.

And Time wove on his cable. He had twisted into it the last spring violets, and was now wreathing it with early roses.

And Adriana sat on the mossy turf that crowned the gray rocks, and looked upon the sea. There was no mist now, and it was high tide. The sea breeze played among the wild-thyme and clover, and stole their sweet fragrance but to fling it away. And the waves rolled quietly over, with a dreamy, murmuring plash. Summer, delicious summer, was nigh.

The last few months had passed quickly enough to Adriana. As good Mrs. Davis had said, there was no lack of work at Cousin Rebecca's. Quiet, homely work. Adriana smiled as she thought of her various occupations.

"Katy would wonder if she saw me now. How many babies' frocks have I made? How many times have I taken Rebecca Davis's place in the primitive school-room? How many times have I trudged through snow and rain to take her alms, or to bear her message of consolation? I've done everything but preach for her; that I *could not* do, and no disgrace for me, for it's not every rector that could do that part of her work either. A queer life for me. I feel as if St. Christopher were my patron-saint, and I could found an order with 'Laborare est orare' for a motto. Still, there's something soothing in it. One's life seems easier from seeing how hard are the lives of others.

"I've not had much time to think of myself, and I'm beginning to forget that there is such a place as Etheredge Court. It is very pleasant, this drifting along and having work found for one, just like a little child. People used to tell me I should have no days like my school days, and I'm beginning to believe them. No, I am not. They're poor faint hearts that say that. On, on, forward! Life is a life-long battle, and there is something exciting in the struggle. *Vittoria! Vittoria!* ah, the improvisatore would rhyme with it, *Gloria!* But one gets tired of *Gloria* after a time. *Tranquillità* is a pleasanter word. *Tranquillità!* There's too much of the drum and trumpet in *Gloria*. But what nonsense I am dreaming? Here is Katy's letter to bring me back to common sense.

"Hum," said Adriana, "'everything going on as usual. Mother is busy with her poultry. The hay will be cut next week. Arthur Clinton has been away for three weeks, and whom do you think he brought home with him?—Mr. Etheredge! And Mr. Etheredge has bought Trenholm; but he is not going to live there just yet. I wonder you never told me more about Mr. Etheredge. I should have thought you would have liked him—but I suppose you did not. He seems very clever—at least, Arthur says he is; but he's not clever in the same way that Arthur is. I mean I'm not afraid of Arthur's cleverness, but I am of Mr. Etheredge's. I don't know whether I like him or not. One thing I did not like at all,—he never once asked after you, and he knows we are relatives, for Arthur told him. Is he proud? I don't think it would have done him any harm to have asked after you, but he never even mentioned you. It is odd that mother does not think him proud or too clever; but then he admired her Spanish fowls, and that of course won her heart. And then,—and this is the great piece of news of my letter,—the Vicar of Trenholm has been presented to a better living, so Trenholm is vacant, and Mr. Etheredge has offered it to Arthur, and Arthur is going to accept it, so we shall be married very soon, and you must come to the wed-

ding. I think Arthur will ask Mr. Etheredge to come. Don't strange events happen? How oddly people are thrown together!'

"So Katy's beginning to note the curious web that people get entangled in," said Adriana. "No, I shall not be at your wedding, Katy. Mr. Clinton's relative will be a bar. Well, I must be content to be alone in the world,—a waif, a stray! You suppose I did not like Mr. Etheredge. I should have agreed with you once, though I'm not quite so sure about it now. He's worth a dozen Charles Cunninghams in some respects. However, I shall never see either again, so I need not trouble myself with their merits or demerits."

Here the gentle voice of Rebecca Davis interrupted Adriana's cogitations.

"Adriana," said she, "wilt thee go down to Thomas Greening's, and see what the trouble is? There are people running to and fro, but no one can give me a rational account. I hear there are two men drowned. Wilt thee go?"

"Drowned!"

"Nay, I will not say so for certain; but a yacht was seen awhile since off the Sandhill Bank making signals of distress, and there are no signs of her now."

"In this calm sea!"

"Ah, dear friend, smooth waters are deceitful, and none can say there is no danger even when the heavens look fairest."

As Adriana made the best of her way down the stony lane, and along the muddy beach to the row of cottages, a dark presentiment filled her mind. She could not analyze the vague foreboding, beyond the point that it in some way touched herself, neither could she dispel it. She felt oppressed with a weight that she could not shake off.

"Yet, what have I to do with these dead ones, even should they be dead?" she reasoned. "They are nothing to me. There have been deaths at Grayside before, yet I never felt as I do now. I want some of Rebecca Davis's Quaker calmness, or I shall be of no use. What is it, Thomas?" she asked, as she saw Greening with an awe-struck face at the cottage door.

"It's hard to see a brave man die, and he's one if ever there was," returned Thomas, in a hoarse whisper. "I could not stand by and see him die as others does."

"Was he drowned?" asked Adriana, scarcely more audibly.

"He's not dead yet," replied the man, "but he's going, and they say it'll be a sore struggle, for he's strong to look at, but there's no hope. His brother's come-to. Pity they could not both go together, for he's all but wild with grief. Will you step in, miss?"

"I shall be of little use, I fear. I'll go back and fetch Mrs. Davis."

And Adriana was turning away, when the door opened wider, and Greening's wife clutched Adriana by the arm.

"Miss Linden, Miss Linden! ye're not going, surely. Oh, the poor brother, the Lord have mercy upon him! Surely, as David loved Jonathan, so this man loves him that is departing. The like of us can give him no comfort. Maybe you could give him a kindly word."

Words! What are words? But Adriana entered. She trod silently up the narrow staircase, and stepped into the low bedroom.

She was little prepared for the sight that met her view. Stretched on the rude bed lay Richard Etheredge; his pale features seemed stiffening to the stillness of death, looking more ghastly from the streaks of blood that trickled from a gash across his forehead.

The room was filled with rough sailors, and at the side of the bed knelt Charles Braddick, sobbing like a child.

Unprepared as Adriana was for such a meeting, there seemed nothing extraordinary in it to her. The vague presentiment was fulfilled, and therefore it vanished, and left her calm and collected. One thought alone darted through her mind as she gazed on the death-like figure before her. Her last words to him had been,—

"Mr. Etheredge, I hate you!"

And as she gazed, what would she not have given to be able to recall them!

But the words were spoken, and it was too late to take them back.

"Is there no doctor?"

"They be gone for un, miss, but it's fifteen mile, at the least."

"How long since?"

"An hour or more."

"There are too many people here," said Adriana, to the man who had spoken; "ask them to go away."

The man did as he was desired. Adriana threw open the little window, and looked out over the wide expanse, but there was no human figure visible across the barren flats.

"It will be too late, too late!" And she wiped away the bloody stains from the white face; in moving to do this, she accidentally touched Mr. Braddick; he looked up at her with such an altered face that she started back.

"Adriana! Miss Linden! Can you not save him? Can you not give him back as you gave me Charley?"

"How can I save him? What can I do?"

"You will not save him! You hate him! You are glad to see him lying there! You have come to rejoice over my misery! You triumph in your revenge! Do you like revenge, Miss Linden? It is sweet, is it not? Very sweet?" and he grasped Adriana's arm.

She perceived that he scarcely knew what he was saying, and she tried to stop the tide of words, but he heeded her not.

"How should I know that there were rocks upon the coast? Why did the vessel strike? I ask you, why did it strike when he was in it, whilst hundreds of poor fishing-boats go by in safety? Ah! you will watch the fishing-boats for many and many a day, and will say, 'Charles Cunningham's brother perished, but there is no danger to these.'"

"Mr. Braddick," said Adriana, sorrowfully, "you are mistaken." Then, as she saw him about to speak again, she changed her tone to a more imperious one. "This is no time for words like these: be calm; no one can say how this may end. Your brother's life may yet be spared."

He looked at her eagerly.

"Do you believe it? No, you don't; you are deceiving me. You say it to quiet me. I used to think you spoke the truth, but this is no truth. You know there is no hope. You would like me to be my brother's murderer!"

The excitement and the injuries he had sustained had evidently produced an effect upon him, and Adriana no longer tried to reason with him. All she could do was to beg him to be silent, lest he should disturb his brother. So he was silent, whilst Adriana stooped down to listen if she could hear the breathing of the wounded man.

Very faint it was; scarcely perceptible. She placed the pillow so that the head might not fall back so much. The change of position was an evident relief, and a slight sigh escaped the sufferer's lips.

Yet what was she to do?

There was a stir below, then a footstep on the stairs.

It was the doctor.

Adriana was disappointed when a bright rosy face, with dark wavy hair, and no sign of beard or whisker, looked into the room.

So unlike the stereotyped idea of a skillful practitioner!

She did not remember the words of Elihu, the son of Barachel, the Buzite.

The young doctor examined the wound, and shook his head.

"It will require more nursing than he'll get here."

"Could he be removed?" asked Adriana.

The doctor turned to Adriana, whom he had not before noticed.

"There's only one house about where he's likely to be well attended to. I should not mind asking the favor; I'm sure it would be cordially granted."

"I think I can answer for that," said Adriana; "you mean Mrs. Rebecca Davis"

The young doctor looked in some surprise at Adriana.

"I am living there just now," explained she.

"All right," returned the doctor; "then the sooner my patient is moved the better. Here, you good fellows," he called from the top of the stairway, "lend a hand. I'm going to have the gentleman moved to Madam Davis's."

"Couldn't do better," responded a rough sailor, appearing, followed by two or three others, as rough and shaggy as himself.

"We shall want a stretcher," said the doctor.

"Easy manage that, sir," replied the sailor; "but we must get him down stairs first."

And Adriana slipped away to prepare Rebecca Davis for her visitors.

"There are no bones broken," said the doctor; "the right arm's out of its socket; we must put that right, and then he may be carried as safely as need be." Then, turning to Mr. Braddick,—"Why, you're not much better able to walk than he is. You've been pretty well knocked about, both of you. Is there any brandy to be had?" A small flask was handed to him. "Here, drink this," said the doctor.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Useful Soldiers.

In the French army every recruit is supposed to know a trade on joining the army. If he has not yet learnt a trade he is taught some occupation after joining his corps. Should he be ignorant of reading and writing—or, knowing these, should he wish to improve his education so as to qualify himself for promotion—he goes to the regimental school for four hours every day, when he is not on guard or on fatigue duty. Once his schooling is over, he is put to work at some trade or handicraft; or should he not know one, he is put to learn one. In every French regiment there are regular gangs of butchers, bakers, cooks, carpenters, masons, gardeners, builders, laborers, car-drivers, watchmakers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and what not. All these trades or handicrafts are under their regular head men, and every soldier, when he can work, may and does gain a certain sum per day by working in the shop of his trade. In Algeria the whole of the government work is done by these military artisans, who, as well as the state, are gainers thereby. The men thus earn extra pay, and the government get work done better and cheaper than they could do by employing the people of the country, besides treasuring up the vast advantage of always having a corps of workmen at command. The system of regular organized workmen is the true secret why the French army get on so well when on service. In the English army we have nothing of the kind, except as regards the tailors and shoemakers, and (in cavalry regiments) the saddlers and farriers. There are many good workmen who enter our ranks, but through want of practice they soon forget what they knew. In Algiers I have seen a whole pile of barracks, large enough to contain three thousand men, that was built entirely by a regiment of the line, from the digging of the foundations to the making of glass for the barrack windows, and not a day's drill or manœuvering had been neglected while the work was going on. Throughout Algeria miles upon miles of excellent public roads have been made entirely by the troops, the men being paid a small additional sum by the state while so employed. Thus the government gained by getting their work better and very much cheaper done than could have been effected by private contractors, while the troops gained a very comfortable addition to their regular pay.—*All the Year Round.*

☞ ENGLISH WAGES.—Ten shillings—or about $2.50—sometimes with and sometimes without the beer, is a common price in Gloucestershire, England, for mowing an acre of grass, making it into hay, and pitching it upon the cart.

☞ Douglas Jerrold speaks in this wise:—"You will hear a good lowly creature sing the praises of pure water—call it the wine of Adam, when he walked in Paradise—when, somehow, fate has bestowed upon the eulogist the finest Burgundy. He declares himself contented with a crust, although a beneficent fairy has hung a fat haunch or two in his larder. Yes, it is delightful to see these humble folks, who tune their tongues to the honor of dry bread and water, compelled by the very force of fortune to chew venison and swallow claret."

☞ It is a melancholy sign of the times that the pawnbroking offices of Prussia have been so crowded lately, that they are no longer sufficient to contain the articles pledged. The consequence is, that only plate, jewelry, and unmade stuffs can be received, whereas clothes of all descriptions are refused.

☞ Among the "amusements" advertised in the Montreal papers is one announcing that for twelve and a half cents the visitor can view the "relics of J. W. Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln," said relics comprise the theatrical wardrobe worn by him when last on the stage, consisting of splendid costumes, wigs, swords, stars, &c.

☞ ZINC NAILS IN BOOTS AND SHOES.—Zinc nails are now extensively employed in the manufacture of boots and shoes, in place of wood or iron; it is said that zinc nails are also substituted for sewing in ladies' slippers. An iron last is employed, and the nails, on being driven, strike the last, and become headed or riveted on the inside, thus forming a very secure fastening.

THE STEREOSCOPE;

OR,

Two Eyes are Better than One.

"Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses."—*Macbeth.*

The old proverb which heads this chapter is suggestive of many wonderful truths connected with vision. Science has demonstrated that two eyes are better than one, for many reasons. We require two eyes to estimate distances, and to obtain a true idea of the roundness, relief, and solidity of natural objects. Those ugly one-eyed fellows who helped Vulcan to forge the thunderbolts, must have been clumsy workmen, in spite of what the ancient writers say to the contrary.

Before we consider the use of two eyes, let us examine the structure of a single organ. The eye has often been compared with the camera obscura, that dark box in which an image is formed of external objects, by means of an arrangement of glass lenses. The eye is, indeed, a dark chamber furnished with lenses, but here the likeness ceases, as its marvellous arrangements are infinitely more beautiful than those of any optical instrument devised by the ingenuity of man.

The human eyeball is a globular mass, somewhat flattened in front and about the size of a walnut. The white part surrounding the centre is called the *sclerotic* coat, deriving its name from a Greek word expressive of hardness. This white coat is continued round the back of the eyeball, and forms a sort of strong bag for containing the other parts of the eye. As it is perfectly opaque, it is not continued over the front of the eye, but joins the beautiful transparent membrane called the *cornea*, or horny coat, which bulges forward a little, and forms that wonderful bow-window through which the rays of light pass to the brain. Within or behind the cornea may be perceived the *iris*, a sort of colored fringe which assumes different hues in different eyes, being dark brown, blue, hazel, or gray, and, in exceptional cases, red. When we speak of blue eyes or hazel eyes, we refer to the color of this remarkable fringe or curtain. In the centre of the eye, surrounded by the iris, is a dark circular space of variable dimensions, called the *pupil*, which is in fact the opening through which light passes into the dark chamber of the eye.

The internal structure of this wonderful organ is very complicated. The hard white membrane is lined by a coat called the *choroid*, which is covered on the inside with a perfectly black pigment, and this again with a delicate network of nerves called the *retina*. The cavity surrounded by these coats is filled by three substances, called humors. Behind the cornea or bow-window is the *aqueous humor*, a perfectly limpid liquid resembling water; the second in situation is the *crystalline humor*, which is a little capsule of transparent membrane, holding a small quantity of fluid; and the third, termed the *vitreous humor*, is a transparent jelly which fills the inner chamber of the eye, and contributes chiefly to preserve the globular figure of the organ.

Each eye is placed in a basin-shaped cavity in the skull, called the orbit, and there are various muscles attached to different parts of the orbit, which by their contraction give a lateral or rolling motion to the eyeball, and thus assist in directing the sight towards particular objects. Eyelids, also moved by muscles, and fringed by the eyelashes, serve to guard the eyes from dust, and to screen them from the access of too intense a light.

So much for the anatomy of the eye; let us now consider its functions. As already observed, the eye may be compared to a camera obscura, for the rays of light from any object entering the pupil form an image on the retina, just as the picture is painted on the ground glass of the camera. The various humors of the eye form a wonderful compound lens, far excelling the achromatic lenses of the opticians. The seat of vision is generally supposed to be the retina, though some philosophers regard the choroid coat as the sensitive tablet upon which the impression is made. We may trace the phenomena of vision up to this point, but no further. We know that a distinct image is formed upon one or other of the delicate coats of the eye, but the manner in which the sensation is conveyed to the brain is an inscrutable mystery. "It is the boast of science," says Herschel "to have been able to trace so far the refined contrivances of this most admirable organ, not its shame to find something still concealed from scrutiny; for, however anatomists may differ on points of structure, or physiologists dispute on modes of action, there is that in what we do understand of the formation of the eye so similar, and yet so infinitely superior to a product of human ingenuity,—such thought, such care, such refinement, such advantage taken of the properties of natural agents, used as mere instruments for accomplishing a given end, as force upon us a conviction of deliberate choice and premeditated design, more strongly, perhaps, than any single contrivance to be found, whether in art or nature, and renders its study an object of the greatest interest."

The Cyclops had each a single eye stuck in the centre of the forehead, but we are provided with a pair of these matchless instruments. Each eye receives an impression of an object; nevertheless we do not see the object double. So long as each image falls exactly on the same part of each sensitive surface, the mind will perceive but one object, and the muscles which move the eyes act in such perfect unison that this result is constantly attained.

If we look at a candle placed at a distance of about ten feet, we see it distinctly as one object, because our eyes are so adjusted that the image of the candle is projected on similar parts of each retina. But if we now hold up a finger about ten inches from the eyes, and look steadily at it, the candle will be seen on both sides of the finger. The eyes are now adjusted to the finger, and the image of the candle no longer falls on the same parts of the two retinæ. Again, if the eyes be directed to the light, the finger will be seen double, because the optic axes are now adjusted to perceive objects at a distance of ten feet. Similar effects may be produced by pressing one eyeball with the finger so as to displace its optical axis, or by getting intoxicated, an experiment which we trust our readers will never perform.

We make use of our two eyes as a pair of compasses to measure distances; for we involuntarily associate the idea of smallness with the convergence of the visual axis, and that of vastness with its divergence. We feel that an object is near or remote, small or large, by opening and shutting our magic compasses, the legs of which are imaginary lines passing through the eyeballs. A person suddenly deprived of one eye estimates the distance of objects with the greatest difficulty; but after some time, experience teaches the one eye to measure distance by the change of focus alone. Let the reader close one eye, and try to snuff a candle, he will then see the import of the old proverb, "Two eyes are better than one."

We have said that two eyes are required in order to form a new conception of solidity; this point we now proceed to consider. If the reader will look at any near object,—a book placed on end, for instance,—he will at once perceive that it is a real book and not a picture of one; he will see that it has a certain relief, that one portion of it is nearer to him than another; in a word, that it is solid. Now, by closing each eye in turn, the reader will find that one eye will see round one side of the object, and the other round the other side, two different impressions being obtained. Every solid object, therefore, is seen differently by the two eyes, and it has been found that the effect of solidity is produced by the combination of these different impressions in the mind. Two eyes are better than one, not merely because they give symmetry to the face, but because they act together in producing on the inner or mental eye a perfect and instantaneous impression of the form and position of objects.

This important truth has been revealed by the beautiful and well-known instrument called the *stereoscope*, which, however, is much better known than understood. Some account of this magic instrument certainly merits a place amongst the fairy tales of science.

The stereoscope, in its most popular form, is simply a small wooden box, furnished with two lenses, like an opera-glass. A double picture, say a photograph of a statue, is placed at the bottom of the box, and viewed with both eyes, by means of the lenses. The effect is truly marvellous, for the design immediately appears in relief—the picture becomes a piece of sculpture! This illusion is so perfect, and the means by which it is produced so simple, that we cannot wonder at the popularity which the stereoscope has so rapidly attained.

The term *stereoscope* is derived from two words in the Greek language, the first signifying a *solid body*, and the latter *vision*; it may therefore be freely translated as "that which shows every object in relief." Our readers will admit that the name is a good one, and perfectly descriptive of the powers of the instrument.

Let us now consider how the wonderful illusions of the stereoscope are effected. We shall not require diagrams to make our meaning clear, since every one must be familiar with the construction of the magic instrument.

The two pieces of glass that are placed in the front of the stereoscope are wedge-shaped, that is to say, their outer edges are a little thicker than their inner edges. These glasses act like prisms, and by bending the rays of light that proceed from the double picture, they cause the two halves to combine, and appear as a single picture occupying a central position between the eyes. Two distinct images are thus formed in the eyes, but in consequence of the bending of the rays of light, they are projected upon similar parts of the two retinæ, and seem to be produced by a single object. Whether the two impressions are made by the double picture or by a single solid, the same sensation is produced, as in either case the mind combines the two impressions into the idea of solidity. The stereoscope, therefore, enables us to give a true notion of the form and position of objects from two flat representations on paper or glass; in fact, we may see the objects quite as well as if they stood before us.

Although the stereoscope was discovered nearly thirty years ago, it has only lately become popular. So long as mere drawings by hand were used as stereoscopic slides, only regular bodies, such as crystals and geometric solids, could be represented; but now, by the aid of photography, we may obtain pictures of any natural or artistic objects.

When we look at a double photograph in the stereoscope, the picture to the right is seen by the right eye only, and that to the left, by the left eye. The two pictures are taken from different points of view, and are exactly similar to the views we obtain of solid objects, by alternately closing the right and left eyes. There is, therefore, no longer any doubt as to the use of two eyes, since by the aid of photography we may obtain pictures similar to those which the eyes receive, and these pictures combine to produce the effect of solidity.

We are indebted to Professor Wheatstone for the discovery of the stereoscope, a discovery which Herschel has truly characterized as "one of the most curious and beautiful for its simplicity in the entire range of experimental optics." The original form of the instrument has been considerably modified by Sir David Brewster, who may indeed be regarded as the inventor of the refracting or popular stereoscope.

We will not attempt to describe the innumerable family groups, landscapes, portraits, and Alpine views, that photography has furnished for the stereoscope. Our readers are doubtless familiar with them, as the stereoscope has become quite a fashionable instrument, and is to be found upon almost every drawing-room table.

Two eyes are unquestionably better than one; nevertheless persons with but one eye are able to see distinctly. This fact does not refute what we have said about the double vision. A person with one eye judges of the relief of an object from the distribution of light and shade, but his perceptions are much less vivid than those of a person with two eyes. It has, moreover, been remarked that a one-eyed person when looking at a solid object is constantly changing the position of the head from side to side, and by this means he obtains with one eye the same result that is obtained by two eyes with the head stationary.

Our readers will now understand why they have two eyes instead of one, and will be able to expound the mysteries of that magic spy-glass, the stereoscope.

☞ A NEW METHOD.—The ordinary methods of crushing large masses of cast-iron into fragments are both cumbersome and expensive, but the new French method consists in drilling a hole in the mass of cast iron for about one third of its thickness, filling this with water, closing it with a steel plug which fits accurately, and letting the ram of a pile-driver fall on the plug. The very first blow splits up the mass.

☞ There are some extraordinary fast "bucks" at Saratoga this season.—*Boston Post*

Indeed! Well, there are several extraordinarily pretty "little dears" at Newport.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

Tall and Short.

As regards country and town life, M. Villerme has ascertained, contrary to the generally received notion, that the inhabitants of towns are, on an average, a little taller than those of country districts. M Quetelet found the same rule to apply in Brabant, where, after nearly ten thousand measurements, he ascertained that town people are, on an average, three-quarters on an inch taller than country folk. Much discussion has taken place in connection with the question at what age we cease to grow. M. Quetelet shows that, in Belgium at any rate, men not only grow between twenty and twenty-five years of age, but even on to thirty. Among nine hundred soldiers and recruits whom he measured, this was perceptibly the case, although the increase was, of course, but small. Dr. Knox, of Edinburg, some time ago, observed a similar fact; young men leaving the University at twenty or twenty-two years of age, and returning seven or eight years afterward had increased not only in breadth, but in height.

The average height of conscripts, twenty years old, taken from the whole of France, for renewing the Imperial armies, is found to be five feet three inches and a half. Were it not that the French are very accurate in these matters, one might almost doubt whether the average was so low. Only one French soldier in forty is above five feet eight inches high; many of them barely reach five feet. It is the opinion of army surgeons that the maintenance of large standing armies tends to lessen the average height of the population of a country, by various direct and indirect agencies. Mr. Cowell, one of the factory inspectors, some years ago, measured as well as weighed many of the factory operatives at various ages; but as Lancashire mill folk are very prone to wooden shoes of formidable thickness, and as it is not stated whether Mr. Cowell included or excluded these substantial understandings, it may be well to pass over his tabulations unnoticed. Young men in a good station in life are rather taller than those who have more privations to bear. Of eighty Cambridge students, between eighteen and twenty-three years of age, the average height was over five feet nine. It appears to be pretty certain, from the average of a large number of instances, that the height remains constant only from about the age of thirty to that of fifty—a slight average growth until the former limit, a slight average diminution after the latter. Among all the adults of all classes measured by M. Quetelet, he found that fully-developed and well-formed men varied from four feet ten inches to six feet two inches, with an average of five feet six inches; and fully-developed and well-formed women varied from four feet seven inches to five feet eight inches, with an average of about five feet two inches.

M. Virey says: "Tall men are generally much more weak and slow than short men, for all exertions both of body and mind. If men of high stature are preferred, for their fine appearance, in the body-guard of princes and in the service of eminent persons, they are certainly neither the most robust nor the most active; but they are docile, candid, and *naïve*, little prone to conspire for evil, and faithful even to the worst master. In war they are more fitted for defence than attack; whereas an impetuous and brusque action suits better for short and vivacious men. Tall men are mostly tame and insipid, like watery vegetables; insomuch that we seldom hear of a very tall man becoming a very great man. Little men manifest a character more firm and decided than those lofty and soft-bodied people whom we can lead more easily both morally and physically." Let all little men rejoice at such an opinion as this, and especially at the following incident: An Empress of Germany, in the seventeenth century, to gratify a whim, caused all the giants and dwarfs in the empire to be brought to court. As it was feared that the giants would terrify the dwarfs, means were taken to keep the peace; but instead of this, the dwarfs, teased, insulted and robbed the giants to such an extent, that the lengthy fellows complained with tears in their eyes; and sentinels had to be posted to protect the giants from the dwarfs.

Nevertheless, "*size is the measure of power*," that is, other things being equal, among which *quality* is the most important: a cannon is greater than a pocket-pistol; a telescope than a spy-glass; a horse than a pony, &c.

THE PERSPIRATION OF PLANTS.—The opinion is very general that the drops which glitter so brightly on the leaves of plants beneath the bright rays of the morning sun are deposited there by the atmosphere during the night. This, no doubt, is often and commonly the case, but it certainly is not the only source from whence they come. Nothing is more easy of proof than that plants perspire. Put a plant under a bell-glass, the leaves of which are removed from any possible contact with the earth, or with exhalations from it, by means of metallic or other plates; deprive the air enclosed within the glass of its moisture, by placing a small quantity of some hygrometric substance therein, and it will be found that notwithstanding the admission of moisture from without is absolutely impossible, there will still be a collection of pearly drops on the leaves. The sunflower perspires more than a man does by a great deal, that is to say, from his face alone, seeing that the flower has no body which can be compared with the body of a man. It has been estimated that the quantity exhaled from the sunflower exceeds the quantity which runs from the forehead of a man who gains his living by the sweat of his brow in the proportion of fifteen to one. There are many other plants which, like the *Cesalpinia pluviosa*, yield water in such abundance that it is constantly trickling drown from leaf to leaf, and actually, as in the case of the tree just mentioned, contributing largely to the supply of the people who live in their vicinity. This enormous exudation of moisture has been attributed to the extreme superabundance of vitality which vegetables possess. The functional activity of some is quite extraordinary: what will be thought of the fact that at the moment when certain of them flower, the flower reaches a temperature of from 100 to 160 degrees?

☞ Two ladies—employees in one of the largest business houses in New Haven—indulged themselves in a two-mile boat race in the harbor of that city on Thursday last. The Palladium says that "both pulled finely, showing that they possessed considerable muscle and strength." Miss Belle H., from New York, was the victor.

☞ Proctor's Cave, recently discovered about three miles from the celebrated Mammoth Cave, is said to surpass the latter in extent, grandeur, and the beauty of the mineral formations. Prof. Wright, of Louisville, is making a thorough exploration of this subterranean wonder.

Powdered Servants and Footmen with Canes.

A gentleman attending the recent English horse-races, gives this information: "Close to our carriage was drawn up a superb barouche, containing two ladies fair, languishing, white and pink, of an adorable beauty, and two gentlemen, their husbands. The delicate beauty of these young women, like roses steeped in milk, did not prevent their having good appetites. They ate very heartily, indeed, the most substantial viands, and emptied large cups of champagne with true bacchanalian jollity. I inquired who they were—nobody could tell me; but that they were very rich people was evident from one singular detail. This was not the whiteness of the table-cloth, the richness of the silver goblets, the glitter of the crystal, the splendor of the carriage, or the value of the blood horses—all that can be hired any day; but what cannot be hired are *powdered servants and footmen carrying canes.*

"These two things—the powder and the cane—are the distinctive marks of great English fortunes. A powdered servant represents for his master an annual tax of £20 (500 francs.) A footman, *with a cane*, represents a tax of £50 (1,250 francs,) which must be paid to the state. When there are only four such servants (and all great houses have at least twelve or fifteen,) the luxuries of powder and canes swell the budget in a very appreciable manner."

☞ The wire-worm is destroying the Virginia corn, and the potato bug is eating the Virginia potatoes.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

No sooner does an article of real value appear and become popular, than it is counterfeited by unprincipled persons, who thus attempt to enrich themselves by deceiving the public. We are glad to see by a recent decision made by our Bureau of Agriculture and Statistics, that the public are to be protected against other counterfeits, as well as counterfeit Bank Notes. The suit was brought by Messrs. Perry Davis & Son, of Providence, R. I., for the enregistration of their Trade Mark "Pain Killer," against a party in Montreal, who had already enregistered a counterfeit of the same. The Bureau, after a careful hearing of the case, decided that Perry Davis & Son, who had manufactured and sold the "Pain Killer," a valuable and popular medicine, for many years, were entitled to the protection of the Bureau against all counterfeits, enregistering their trade mark, and cancelling the one already registered, thus protecting the industry of the manufacturer and the public at the same time.—*Ottawa Times.*

FOR REMOVING GREASE, PAINT, and all Stains from Woolen, Cotton, Silk, and Linen Goods, use A. B. W. Bullard's Improved Oil Soap. It acts like magic.—is always reliable, and has no disagreeable odor of benzine or any other resinous fluid. You can get it of any druggist.

Is Your Hair Falling or Becoming Gray?

If so, use

"London" The most "Hair Color Restorer"
"London" "Hair Color Restorer"
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For Restoring Gray Hair and Preventing Baldness.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.
my26-cowtf

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2.
je16-6m

HEALTH, the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss is found in AYER'S MEDICINES, after a fruitless search among other remedies. A word to the wise is sufficient. jy22-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Derangement of the Stomach and Bowels. As the stomach by the agency of the gastric juices assimilates digested food into elementary blood we cannot be too careful of preserving it in a healthy and vigorous condition. Holloway's Pills are powerfully corrective and detergent, they strengthen the digestive organs, and by their curative properties cleanse and purify the digested food in its process of conversion to blood. In all disorders of the bowels and viscera, their sanative qualities are unequalled. Sold by all Druggists, at 25c., 62c., and $1 per box.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been more active. Sales 2000 North-West extra family at $9,50@10,50 ₱ bbl. The retailers and bakers are buying in lots at from $6,87½@7 50 for superfine; $8@8 75 for extra; $9@10,50 for North-West extra family; $10,50@12 for Pennsylvania and Ohio family, and $13@16 ₱ bbl for fancy brands according to quality. Rye Flour—Small sales are making at $5,75@6 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal—We quote Pennsylvania at $4 25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat is scarce—Sales of 13 000 bus new Delaware red at $2,62@2 70 ₱ bus; 1200 bus No 1 spring at $2,18@2,20, and 1400 bus club at $2 05. Pennsylvania Rye is selling at 9⁴ ₱ bus. Corn—35,000 bus Western mixed sold at 89@91c, mostly at 90c, and 10,000 bus prime yellow at 93c. Oats—12 000 bus Pennsylvania sold at 63@65c; 8000 bus Western at 52@54c, and 3000 bus new Delaware at 55c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is no change to notice. Small sales are making at $33 ₱ bbl for new Mess Pork; 21@22c ₱ lb for Bacon Hams; 19@20c for pickled do.; 16@16½c for Salt Shoulders; 21@22c for Lard in bbls and tierces; and 22@27c ₱ lb for Butter, as to quality. Cheese—Sales of New York at 12½@12c. Eggs are selling at 21@23c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market continues dull. 900 bales of Middlings sold in lots at 36@37c for Uplands, and 37½@38c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—We quote 1st No. 1 Quercitron at $35 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 40c ₱ lb.

COAL—Cargo sales are making at from $6@6,25 for white ash, and $6,25@6,50 ₱ ton for red ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales are making at 75@80c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $3@5 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples are scarce.

LUMBER—Delaware Sap Board sell at 22½@25; Virginia at $30, and North Carolina Flooring Boards at $30@31 ₱ M feet.

HOPS—Small sales of Eastern and Western are making at from 60@70c ₱ lb, as to quality.

SEEDS—Cloverseed continues scarce. Small sales of prime are reported at $7@7,50 ₱ 64 lbs. Flaxseed is also scarce at $3,35. Timothy is quoted at $3@5,25 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells at $1,60@2,55 ₱ gallon. Whiskey—Small sales of bbls are making at $2,21@2,24 for Penna, and $2 28@2,29 ₱ gallon for Ohio.

TALLOW—Small sales of city rendered are making at 12½@12½c, and country at 11½c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market continues very dull. Small sales are making at from 67@63c; 65@67c for fine; 58@65c for medium; 54@56c for coarse; 63@67c for good tub washed; 56@58c for inferior do, and 45@55c ₱ lb for Western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from 17@17½c ₱ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₱ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½c ₱ lb. 1500 Hogs sold at from $14,00@14,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"Harvest Time,"—the harvest time of life, as well as of the season—is the appropriate steel engraving of the August number of this beautiful periodical. The double and finely colored steel fashion plate is a gem, as usual. Then we have the usual number of wood-cuts illustrating the "Street Arabs," and the latest fashions in dresses, bonnets, hats, &c. The music is the song of "Childhood and Home." Among the literary contributions, we note "One Summer's Romance," by Clara Augusta; "The Banshee," by Mrs. Hosmer; "The Disputed Patrimony," by Amber Forestier; "The Distressed Bachelor," (concluded,) by Mrs. Oliphant; Novelties, Receipts, Fashions, &c. Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of July, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. JAMES M. GLENNEY to Miss SALLIE CRILLY, both of this city.

On the 18th of July, by the Rev. J. B. Maddux, Mr. STUART McCURDY, of this city, to Miss ESTHER E. PRUITT, of Worcester county, Md.

On the 21st of July, by the Rev. Doctor Durborrow, Mr. DAVIS MOORE to Miss RACHEL G., daughter of the late Chas. Jones, Esq., both of this city.

On the 22d of July, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. ANDREW J. LONGENECKER to Miss CECELIA A. JOHNSON, both of this city.

On the 15th of July, by the Rev. J. F. Meredith, CHARLES NOSKA to Miss SALLIE J. SNODEN, both of Manayunk, Pa.

On the 4th of July, by the Rev W. C. Robinson, Mr. DAVID G. MONTGOMERY to Miss MARY B. ABEL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of July, BENJAMIN COX, in his 55th year.

On the 22d of July, Mr. JOHN P. LYNN, in his 50th year.

On the 22d of July, ELIZABETH COULSTON, in her 96th year.

On the 21st of July, EDWARD G. WEBB, Jr., in his 23d year, from disease contracted while a prisoner in the rebel prison at Salisbury, N. C.

On the 21st of July, WILLIAM S. MILNER, in his 64th year.

On the 21st of July, ELIZABETH FREDERICK, in her 56th year.

On the 20th of July, DOROTHEA, wife of Jos Dilks, in her 57th year.

On the 20th of July, WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLAIN, aged 42 years.

On the 19th of July, Mr. HENRY M. CUNNINGHAM, in his 36th year.

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ANN PRESTON, M. D.,
jy21-3t-1w-aug-sep Dean of the Faculty.

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LOOK! LOOK!—Full instructions by which any person can master the wonderful art of VENTRILOQUISM in a few hours. Satisfaction or money refunded. Price 50 cents, or three for $1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. aug4-2t

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WILL CURE

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Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

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Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.

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DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

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We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

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to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Flattering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Flattering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in any way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Pennypack Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
933 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 26 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.

Rev. Levi G. Bock, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.:

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—see *Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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DAY EXPRESS	" 10 00	"
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FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS¶	" 12 00	M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2 30	P. M.
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No 2	" 5 05	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL*¶	" 9 00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 10 00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS*†	" 12 40	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 8.20	"
COLUMBIA TRAIN	" 9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 7 30	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday. All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

¶Running through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and Erie without change of cars.

SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION TRAINS for PAOLI and intermediate stations leave Philadelphia at 9.00 A. M. and 7 00 P. M., returning leave Paoli at 8.50 A. M. and 4.50 P. M.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract. ap7-9m

TRANSFORMATION!

The superstitions of antiquity are only "food for laughter" at the present day, and yet this is an age of

MIRACLES,

accomplished with the aid of science. For example: grey, sandy or red hair is

CHANGED IN A MOMENT,

to the richest conceivable black or brown, by a simple application of

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
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PERMANENT AND WIDE-SPREAD SUCCESS IS THE BEST EVIDENCE OF THE GOODNESS OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—They should be in every family, ready for use on the first symptoms of disease occurring. This method will often save life. Remember, the

Cholera must be Treated as a Poison,

and your safety demands it should be got rid of without delay. Colds, rheumatism, asthma, pleurisy, diarrhœa, colics, in fact, all sickness is the consequence of active impurities in the blood. These being removed, the health is restored at once.

Observe my name in the Government stamp in white letters. Sold by Druggists.
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my6-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Military Command.

During the famous John Morgan raid in Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, my command, then serving in Western Virginia, was sent up the Ohio, as far as Buffington's Island, to intercept and prevent the escape of the "rough rider" and his lawless followers. We arrived at Pomeroy early in the morning, and found the inhabitants of that straggling little town in a state of the most intense excitement over the rumored approach of the enemy. At first we veterans did not credit the statements of citizen scouts, but a small detachment of soldiers, sent ashore to learn the situation and obtain reliable information, soon returned and reported John, with his whole command, to be rapidly approaching. The brigade immediately disembarked and hurried to the front, while I was directed by General H——— to collect the numerous squads and straggling bands of armed citizens, effect something of an organization, and follow after the command. I immediately gave my orders to a score or more of volunteer aids, and in about twenty minutes we had five hundred of Ohio's stalwart youths and gray-haired sires and grandsires, armed with squirrel-rifles superannuated muskets, revolvers, pistols, sabres, swords, etc., and every mother's son of them spoiling for a fight. Not one of them had ever seen a soldier before, and they had no more idea of discipline and drill than had a rebel private of the "rights" for which he was fighting. But this was no time for instruction in the mysteries of war; so I formed them into ranks, and telling them off into companies of one hundred men each, selected the most intelligent for officers. Before "going out to battle" it was necessary to elect a "colonel;" and riding along the entire line I espied at the head of the column a venerable-looking, gray-haired man, who looked fight in every glance of his twinkling blue eye, commissioned him colonel "on the field," and proposed three cheers and a tiger in honor of his promotion, which were given with a will. All was now in readiness, and giving the colonel direction to move out "double quick" and follow me, I rode to the head of the column. I noticed a little hesitation on the part of that worthy and high official, but it was only momentary; he moved rapidly to the front and centre, halted, faced about, and gave the following command, in the dialect peculiar to Southern Ohio:

"Look wild thar! tote yer guns; prepare to thicken and march endways! Go-a-flunkin—git!"

And midst such a yell as was never before heard in those "diggin's" the gallant colonel dashed off in search of the gray-backs, followed by his impatient command.

It is needless to add that these rustic soldiers contributed not a little toward the capture of Morgan; but I doubt if even General Casey himself, the prince of tacticians, could have executed the march "by the right flank," "double quick," in the requisite number of "times" and motions after the colonel's command.

A Prompt Witness.

"Have you purchased any intoxicating liquor of defendant?" inquired the constable.

"Not that I remember," replied the witness coolly.

"Have you obtained any at his store?"

"Not that I remember."

"Will you try to recollect? Bear in mind that you are under oath."

"I am trying."

A pause.

"Well, witness, what do you say now?" continued the official presently.

"I haven't made any discoveries as yet."

"Have you not, within a week, told persons that you bought liquor of defendant?"

"Not that I remember."

"Did you not tell me yesterday that you had bought spirits of defendant?"

"Yes, sir."

"You did! Aha! Well, sir, when you told me that, did you lie or tell the truth?"

"I told the truth."

"Well, sir, then you have bought spirits of defendant?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you mean by swearing you could not remember?"

"I meant that I could not."

"Your memory returned amazingly quick. Did you pay defendant for the spirits you bought of him?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"What kind of spirits did you buy?"

"Spirits of camphor."

"Ahem! we rest the case here."

"Not guilty," came from the jury-box, as the members tried to appear sedate and dignified, and with an effort restrained themselves from joining in the roar of laughter that went round the court-room.

What They Eat at Xenia.

The "Fat Contributor" gives the following experience of endeavoring to get dinner at Xenia on the Little Miami railroad.

"Twenty minutes for dinner," shouted the brakeman as we approached Xenia.

Arrived there, I entered the dining room and inquired of a waiter,

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Twenty minutes," was the hurried reply.

I told him I would try half a dozen minutes, raw, on the half shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a minute of it on his books. He scratched his head trying to comprehend the order but finally gave it up and waited upon some one else.

I approached a man who stood by the door with a roll of money in his hand.

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Half a dollar," said he.

I told him I would take half a dollar well done. I asked him if he couldn't send me, in addition, a boiled pocket-book stuffed with greenbacks, and some seven-thirties, garnished with postage stamps and ten cent scrip. Also a Confederate bond, done brown, with lettuce alone (let us alone.) I would like to wash my dinner down with National Bank Notes, on "draft."

He said they were out of everything but the bank notes, and he then ordered a waiter to go to the bank and "draw" some.

☞ An enthusiast, writing 'neath the classic shades of Harvard, says that he would rather live in the pleasant city of Cambridge than die anywhere else.

TO KEEP THE POT BOILING.

Uncle Carbon from Pottsville, presents his niece, on her marriage, with a dozen tons of the best Schuylkill coal (a very seasonable gift, by-the-bye!) He brings a lovely sample of the same, to be put among the other wedding-gifts on the drawing-room table.

A Know-Nothing.

They have smart children in a certain part of Vermont. A schoolmistress of the Green Mountain State relates the following example of a boy's intelligence:—

A large, overgrown boy came to school one morning, and I inquired of him,—

"Can you read?"

"Don't know," was the reply.

"Can't you spell easy words?"

"Don't know."

"Do you know the alphabet?"

"Yes."

"Try this word."

"H-o-r-s-e"—

"What does that spell?"

"Don't know."

"What do you ride on at home?"

"Oxen."

"Try this word."

"B-r-e-a-d"—

"What does that spell?"

"Don't know."

"What do you eat at home?"

"Punkins."

"Try this short word."

"B-e-d"—

"Well, what does that spell?"

"Don't know."

"What do you sleep on at night?"

"Sheepskins."

I sent him to his seat, after this trial, and took a rest.

The Attorney-General of the United States recently perplexed a citizen who called on him by asking a question in regard to the habits of a judge who officiated in the district from which the said citizen came. The particular point of the inquiry of the Attorney-General related to the Judge's convivial or rather his bibulous tendencies. The citizen thus interrogated was not very prompt or direct in his answers, and even when the pertinacious law officer of the government put the query in the blunt form of, "don't he frequently get drunk, sir," the interrogated gentleman still sought a refuge in the rather vague answer:

"Well, sir, in my country it is very difficult to determine when a gentleman is drunk; the condition of mind and body produced by an indulgence in exhilarating liquids is variously regarded by different persons, and has so many degrees and gradations that no general standard has yet been recognized or established.

"Oh!" replied the Federal dignitary, "you can certainly answer whether you have ever seen him on the bench under the influence of liquor."

"Well," answered the catechised and badgered gentleman, "I don't know but what I have sometimes thought the Judge has been a little too long at the bar to preside with efficiency on the bench."

The Attorney-General seemed to be satisfied with the answer and the witness retired.

Problem.—If four cats with sixteen legs can catch fourteen rats with forty-two legs, while an old woman with two tongues is saying Jack Robinson, how many legs must eight rats have to get away from the same number of cats in two minutes, due allowance being made for tare and tret?

☞ He who pokes his nose everywhere will sometimes poke it between a thumb and forefinger.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Harvest Home."

Grain.—The demand for wheat is limited and prices lower; 12,000 bushels new Delaware $2 75@2 85; 1,000 bushels New Jersey at $2 80; 8,000 do. old red $2 66@2 65," and so on read our late market reports for Philadelphia, confuting the croaker's cry of short crops, and encouraging farmers to produce wheat, for farmers know as well as the rest of us, that wheat at the average price above quoted is a profitable material to produce, wherever the yield per acre is as liberal as it is in Eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and over a considerable portion of West Jersey.

With all our small cereals, the crop has been securely made—"the harvest is ended," and if ever farmers have had cause to feel grateful for a bountiful harvest, they surely have this year in all the regions just named; in the matter of wheat crops especially. It is very true there have been some partial, and a few and very far between total failures. But these have been the exceptions, not the rule, and judging from personal observation we are of the opinion that in the majority of failures, the fault has been rather with the farmer who holds "book larnin" in contempt, and don't believe in the utility of progressive agricultural journals, than with Nature, or any of her sins of commission or omission. If all agricultural accounts were kept correctly, we should have every year in the wheat column a great deal more charged to incompetence, than weevil or winter-kill.

There are certainly vicissitudes against which the best agricultural skill and education are but partial defences, and for these no one is responsible; but in all regions where wheat has been one of the cereal staples for generations enough to learn men wisdom in its culture, the man who commits his seeding to illy prepared, half fertilized soil, or a cold, undrained swamp, commits agricultural murder that a short crop but partially punishes him for.

We have seen a few such cases this year, and these masters of such fields are the first to cry out failure and famine. More books, and three agricultural papers are what such farmers need sadly.

Sun-light and Plant Growth.

Not very long since we heard a public teacher and *Professor* of practical Philosophy snub up uncourteously short, a gentleman who by some remark intimated the possibility of plant life and growth in the absence of direct sun-light. The Professor's arbitrary proposition was in these words:

"No plant can by any possibility grow beyond the mere germinating point, without *sun-light*."

"But, my dear sir, let us put in a few established facts as testimony against such a—"

"I don't want your facts, sir; and I don't want your assertion *here*, that anything can grow without sun-light. My scholars will think you a fool and liar. Five hundred established facts are worth nothing against a principle in philosophy."

So the gentleman was headed off very short, mastered—not by science or arguments; but by—well, perhaps the shortest cut the Professor could take to get himself out of an awkward position before his class.

Let us see what plants can do occasionally in the way of growth in the absence of direct sun-light.

A great many people have seen vines of potatoes and tops of turnips shoot out in dark cellars even to two or three feet in length, and many a time have we seen quite likely, young potatoes born in a bin, in a cellar where scarcely a ray of light ever penetrated.

If the immature heads of the Large Bergin or Great American cabbage are gathered in the fall, placed in a cellar and the roots covered with good garden earth, nine-tenths of them will head up hard during the winter though the cellar were as dark as Lower Egypt. About three-fifths of the entire growth of the maize plant is made during the hours of darkness. Almost all garden vegetables grow most in the night. All vines, as pumpkins, melons, squashes, and cucumbers, make nearly their entire growth in the dark. Ten times or more we have banded cabbage heads with a spring tape, and watched the season of growth, always finding it more than double during ten hours of darkness what it was in fourteen of sun-light. Not long since we cut a single stalk of rye, stout and perfect in all its developments, measuring seven feet and two inches in length; and that stalk of rye grew within a thicket of brush-wood so dense that no ray of sun-light could ever penetrate it.

Last March the idea occurred to us to test the virtue of the Schuylkill water as a wheat fertilizer. So into a pint tumbler we put a compact pad of cotton batting, poured in pure Schuylkill water until the cotton island floated within an inch of the top of the tumbler, sowed the island with a spoonful of *Wilder* wheat, and set the tumbler by in a dark room having a mean temperature of about seventy-five degrees. On the seventh day the wheat stood evenly an inch high, very pale. Twenty-four hours later it measured two inches, and was clipped back with scissors just one-half. The following day it was up two inches again, and green as an emerald.

From that time forward for sixty-two days, an inch was clipped from that wheat crop every twenty-four hours, and it grew stout, stocky and vigorous, bright green, filling all the tumbler below the cotton island with a mass of healthy roots. And not a ray of sun-light ever shone on it. The room is on the north side of the house where the sun never shines; besides, for experiment's sake, the shutters were kept continually closed, and generally a dark shade was drawn down inside of the windows.

Sun-light is unquestionably a necessity in the ripening and perfecting of all kinds of grains and fruits, but where the question is plant growth, it is important that all farmers should understand that that condition of the soil which enables it to absorb and give off to its plant burden the largest amount of *solar warmth* is a necessity of their best development.

Pretty Poor Practice.

It is pretty poor practice for a farmer to dig and delve, tug and grub, and clear up fifty acres of land at a cost of $2,000, and then in the third year surrender about a fifth of it to briars, brambles, and ox-eye daisies.

Poor practice to half manure, half plough, half seed, and half cultivate a field, and then harvest from it less than half a crop.

To keep two inferior, scrawny, scrub cows for dairy purposes, that give less milk than one good one, and consume more food than three.

To purchase in town five hundred loads of livery-stable manure, and suffer six hundred of better homemade material to run to waste.

To attempt to fatten three hogs into twelve hundred pounds of pork on just so much feed as would keep two nicely growing.

To estimate agricultural fairs as arrant humbugs, and spend three days every month saving the country at political meetings.

To depend on borrowing your neighbors' rakes, reapers, mowers, and all sorts of implements in haying and harvest time.

To house up a thousand bushels of grain waiting for a rise, till one-tenth has gone to feed rats and mice, the remainder smells like the essence of rat, and the price is down forty per cent.

To plant out a big orchard of choice fruit trees with a first thought of money making, and leave them to do or die.

To keep two fancy, five hundred dollar carriage horses, and pay six dollars a day for a team to plough.

It is positively poor practice to call "book larnin" all bosh, to ignore news and agricultural papers, and attempt to keep up an even yoke with your progressive neighbors by main strength and stupidness.

RECEIPTS.

Best Butter Refrigerator.—Ice and a patent ice-chest are the first, best principles of course. But then as three quarters of all housekeepers everywhere, both in town and country, have neither ice nor ice-chest, and love nice, cool, hard butter, in this hot, melting weather, as well as the rest of us, let me recommend what I believe to be the next best butter cooler.

Take a large, deep, earthen or stone basin, put into it an inch or so of pure water, and turn upside down in the water the saucer of an ordinary flower-pot. On the inverted saucer place the plate of butter, and over it the flower-pot itself, having a coat that fits closely, made of coarse cotton cloth, and well wetted.

Place the institution on the ground in a cool cellar, and your butter will be kept in an admirable condition. Madeline.

Bread Biscuit.—I don't mean bread made like biscuit or biscuit made like bread, but biscuits made out of bread.

In a great many families there is a great deal of bread that gets stale, dry and hard, and finally thrown away, and wickedly wasted. Don't practice that sin, fellow-housewives. I am sure you will not after learning by one or two experiments what nice, delicious biscuits can be so cheaply made out of dry loaves and hard, stale crusts.

Place all dry bread and discarded crusts—not including of course table odds and ends, greasy, half-eaten slices, mussed over and left—in a pan of pure, cold water, and soak till the whole mass, crusts and all, is as soft as mush. Then place the material in a linen cloth, squeeze out all the water possible, and then returning it to the bread-bowl, turn in milk, sift in a little flour, shorten, work in yeast, knead thoroughly, roll half an inch thick, cut out with a cake cutter, set by a quarter of an hour, and then bake twenty to twenty-five minutes in a pretty hot oven.

A variety of very good, very cheap and economical cakes can in the same general manner be made from stale bread. Madeline.

Blackberry Beer.—Please practice it in all these coming dog-days, and lay your thanks at the door of The Post for the information.

As soon as blackberries begin to ripen, begin to make blackberry beer, 'tis a wholesome and delightful summer beverage, simply and cheaply made, and using it as an every-day drink there need be no apprehension of diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera, in adults, or *cholera infantum* with the children.

For four gallons of beer, take as many quarts of berries, and as many pounds of the roots of the briars, fresh dug, well washed, and cut fine. Add a quarter of a pound of good hops, and boil all together an hour and a half in two gallons of pure, soft water; then strain through a thin cloth or fine hair sieve into a cask that will hold five or six gallons, and add, first, four pounds of cheapest brown sugar, two gallons of cold water, and when the liquid is just about blood warm, put in—if yeast cakes are used, four, if baker's, or any other kind of active, liquid yeast, half a pint. Set the keg in a cool place, and in about twenty-four hours you may begin to drink a beer beautiful in color, sparkling, delicious in flavor, that will keep sound until drank out, or, if permitted, will in a few days make better, more wholesome, and cheaper vinegar than can be made in any other way.

Madeline.

Tender Meat.—As it is frequently necessary to dress meat quickly in summer, a few hints to make meat tender may be useful. If exposed for an hour or two on the top of a moderately warm oven, or left for some hours hanging up in the kitchen; or dip a coarse cloth into vinegar, and wrap the article you wish to make tender in it, and keep it so for a few hours (the very toughest old fowl excepted.) Most articles of food will be as good as if kept above a week in winter.

Raspberry Acid.—6 pounds raspberries, one quart of water, 2½ ounces of tartaric acid, dissolved in the water cold, and poured over the fruit; stand twenty four hours, strain through a flannel bag. To one pint syrup add 1 pound lump sugar, then, when it has stood for some time, skim it, and bottle for use in three or four days.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 8, 2, 10, 7, comes with summer.
My 9, 3, 11, 7, 8, is a planet.
My 4, 2, 10, 7, 1, is an unwelcome guest.
My 5, 3, 7, 1, is a sign of profanity.
My 6, 10, 7, 8, 2, 11, is a relative.
My 13, 9, 3, 11, is a period of time.
My 8, 2, 10, 11, 7, is a part of the vital system.

My whole are the dying words of a celebrated exile. W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 6, 19, 26, 9, 1, 4, is an herb.
My 10, 23, 20, 5, 3, 12, 24, 18, is a tree growing in the Southern states.
My 1, 25, 27, is a metal.
My 16, 14, 17, 8, 2, forms an addition to some houses.
My 22, 11, 7, 18, 21, is a kind of madness.

My whole produced a marked change in American affairs. SALLIE WIAND.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is made use of at night,
Straw is light, but my second is lighter;
My whole takes a shadowy flight,
And, lo! in his track it is brighter.

CARACTACUS.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two persons wish to divide between them, by a plane perpendicular to the base, a hay-rick in the form of a paraboloid, whose altitude is 40 and diameter of base 30 feet. Required the difference between the solidities of the parts supposing the altitude of the section to be 28 feet?

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Being on a rock in the centre of a circular pond 40 rods in diameter, I saw a duck swimming round the outside of the pond. I sent my dog after the duck, and he swam at the same rate of speed as the duck was swimming, and kept continually between me and the duck, the duck swimming around on the circumference of the pond. Required—The nature of the *curve* described by the dog, and the distance he swam to catch the duck. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A body revolves around the earth once in ten days; required its distance from the earth.

H. R. SPINK.

☞ An answer is requested.

Partnership Question.

A, B and C trade in company; and at making up accounts, it appears that A and C together gained $317 70; A and B together, $331 50; and B and C together gained $310 80. What was each man's respective gain?

PETER PLAIN.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ How was the first drowned cat drowned? Ans.—By immersion in a liquid.

☞ Why does a thing (according to Johnson) diminish by "increasing?" Ans.—When it "grows less."

☞ What tresses shine chiefly at night? Ans.—Actresses.

☞ What tresses seem to defy destruction? Ans.—Fortresses.

☞ What tresses do some persons eat. Ans.—Mortresses.

☞ What tresses are often ill-used by servants? Ans.—Mistresses.

☞ What tresses are soonest worn out? Ans.—Seamstresses.

☞ What tresses are unmistakably false? Ans.—Traitoresses.

☞ What tresses may you always rely on? Ans.—Mattresses.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Honesty is the best policy. ENIGMA—Catskill Mountain House. DOUBLE REBUS—Fairoaks and Antietam, (fea, Aaron, it, Rabbi, one, ant, Khiva, sam.)

Answer to Jonas Pike's PROBLEM of May 19th.—B. lost the boots and seven dollars. John A. Kithcart.

The Atmospheric Churn.

I know not if any readers may be acquainted with this newly invented churn, which obtained a prize medal at the city of London Industrial Exhibition, but it has so many advantages, and is so simple, that I think it is worth their attention. In form this churn somewhat resembles the old-fashioned cylindrical one, and is worked in the same manner by means of a plunger, as it is termed, which is moved up and down within it. The butter is produced by atmospheric pressure, by forcing currents of air into the midst of the milk or cream contained in the cylinder, which is done by the action of the plunger, keeping the disc at the end of it always below the fluid. In raising the plunger, which is hollow, a vacuum is partly created under the surface of the fluid, and the air then rushes down the tube with very great force. In its downward motion a valve at the upper end of the plunger will be closed, and the air below passes rapidly through the fluid, thus liberating the butter from it. In this churn butter can be made in ten minutes from fresh milk, there being no occasion to wait for the cream to collect upon it, and the milk remains perfectly sweet and fresh, and quite as fit for use as if the cream had been skimmed from the top of it. The machinery is so simple that it cannot easily get out of order, and there is no difficulty in cleaning it.